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JOHN BULL

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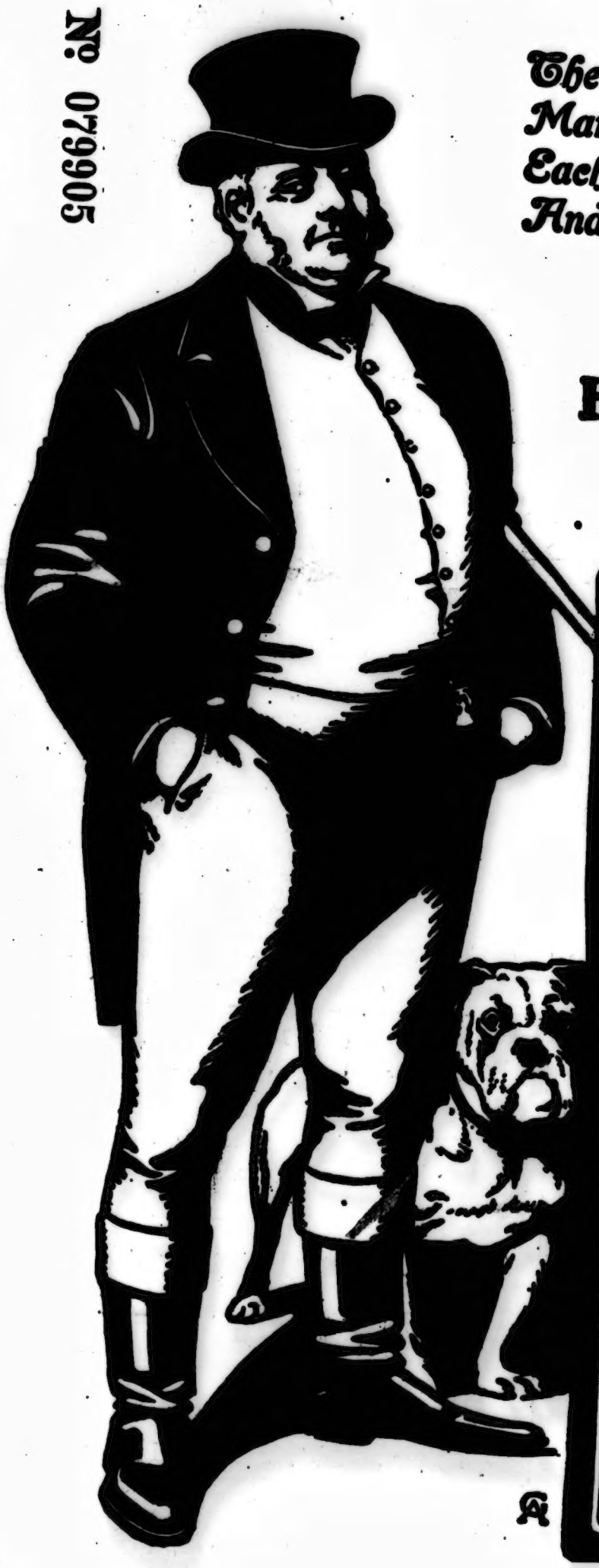
For meaning of this number see page 28.



The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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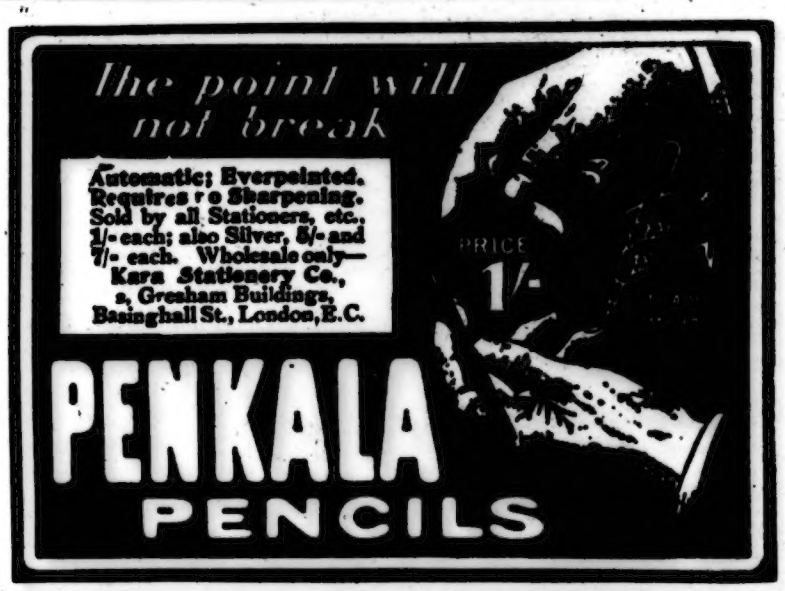
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Vol. V. No. 110. Saturday, July 11th, 1908. One Penny.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

More Cabinet and ministerial changes are in the air. Wonder what *we* shall "get"!

Poor Sir Thomas Whittaker! Have you read F. E. Smith and Ernest E. Williams on the hon. gentleman's—the *Right* Hon. Gentleman's—"facts and arguments"?

How people laughed when we predicted a General Election next year!

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain—whose health, we regret to say, shows no improvement—will not seek re-election.

Colonel Seely is by far the most successful of the new ministerial appointments. He will go higher.

We are about to introduce another little Bill. It will constitute the natural corollary of the one dealing with dormant bank balances and securities. We don't want any more of such balances and securities to accumulate. Hence we propose to make it incumbent in future upon all bankers, solicitors, and others having in their possession any property belonging to a person of whose death they have had notice, to disclose full particulars to the executors or administrators—and to make sure of capturing the lawyers and bankers our Bill will provide that publication of death in the *London Gazette* shall be treated as notice to them. Now we shan't be long—and, on the other hand, the Chancellor of the Exchequer need not be "short."

It is a little difficult to know exactly what to do with the rampageous dames and "damselles" who yearn for the vote and are determined to kick up a dust till they get it. They pass from crazy exploit to crazy exploit, by day and by night, with a fertility of resource and a persistence of purpose which to the mind of a stranger within the gates might reasonably suggest the influence of undue refreshment down by the "Old Bull and Bush." Now that they have taken to smashing Mr. Asquith's windows, what will happen next? While the gentle practitioners of the new art linger in gaol, it may be that the rest of their colleagues will contemplate the uses and purposes of dynamite. Shall we wake up some fine morning for a new Session of Parliament to find that the whole edifice has been blown to blazes by some feminine Guido Fawkes? Mrs. Pankhurst's or Mrs. Despard's early answer will oblige. And we should like the reply to be a little more explicit than that given to the magistrate.

Shouting was all very well in the days of Joshua, but we are not sure that it is likely to prove very useful as an instrument of political warfare nowadays, even when employed by members of the fair sex. It would probably be more sensible to wait until they can shout for joy instead of congregating in the Park to shout for votes. A shout does not become any the more convincing because it issues from ten thousand throats at once, and we prefer to pay attention to sober argument in favour of votes for women. No doubt the recent demonstrations were a fine advertisement if another was needed, but it is worth remembering that only a small percentage of the mob are serious women, and the remainder either attracted by curiosity, or hoping for bell-ringing or scuffles. Meanwhile, our remedy for Suffragitis is to give women as many votes as they like, but treat them as a separate estate, whose representatives should meet in a separate chamber. *Our* shout then, through our own megaphone, is "Down with the House of Lords and Up with my Ladies' Chamber! Hip! Hip!"

Mr. Justice Grantham has written from 100, Eaton Square to the Mayor of Westminster, asking, on behalf of his family and of the occupiers of houses in that locality, that steps may be taken to abate the nuisance caused at half-past twelve every morning by the passage of a market gardener's engine and truck through the square in the direction of Covent Garden, which is very kind and considerate of his lordship. But whilst he is on the subject of public nuisances, may we venture to suggest that he should turn his attention to his own little village of Barcombe, in Sussex. According to a correspondent, there are in the midst of dwellings two vile slaughter-houses, owned by him, where calves mourn for days, and sheep and pigs rend the air by their cries before slaughter. This condition of affairs not only destroys the olfactory sense, but lowers the

moral tone of the village, and we respectfully direct his lordship's earnest attention to it.

To let our readers into a secret, we don't in the least mind assisting the enterprising press agent of a popular place of entertainment to an occasional boom if the goods are themselves worthy of consideration. But will our contemporaries, London and provincial, now please take note that the alleged Manchester ban on the demi-semi-nude pirouettings of Miss Maud Allan has served all the purposes of a well-conceived idea? There was never any immediate intention of transporting Miss Allan to Manchester; but Manchester being the place where La Milo was forbidden, by inference Manchester was the place which would forbid Miss Allan. And as controversy stimulates the box office receipts at performances of this kind, the invisible storm in an invisible teacup was carefully and cunningly precipitated. At one time the press agent used to arrange for the loss of £10,000 worth of his leading lady's exquisite diamonds, and at another he used to get her to dismount from a prancing steed and jump into the more or less yasty deeps of the Park to rescue her own or somebody else's yellow poodle—or even to attempt suicide or to be murderously assaulted. But nowadays the press agent ostentatiously waves a red rag in the faces of Grundy, Chadband, Stiggins and Co. Still, even this little game is getting played out, and the press agents will soon have to go to the Suffragettes for some new ideas.

Speaking of Manchester rule, we have received some rather wrathful communications on the determination of the Watch Committee to view the morals of the city with paternal regard; and it is borne in upon us that a few remarks supplementary to our judicial observations of last week will tend to assist the congregation to well-balanced thought. We need not observe that Mrs. Grundy is no relation of ours, and that Stiggins and Chadband are an abomination in our sight. But we think that the test of any class of public performance in which a lady wholly or partially takes off her outer and under garments is this: Would you like to see your grandmother, or your aunt, or your wife or your fiancée, or your godmother, or stepmother, however graceful or however beautiful they may be in the matter of curves, perform in this way for the moral and artistic education of the populace? If the answer be, "Well, of course, that is a very different thing, you know, from seeing somebody else's mother, or grandmother, or wife, or sister, performing," we at once acknowledge that it is. In the first case you would turn as red as a boiled lobster, and in the second you attend the performance with your opera glasses. Further remarks on this painful subject are indefinitely postponed—to allow time for reflection.

Here is a suggestion for the Home Secretary. Mr. Gladstone has evidently made up his mind to do something to relieve the lot of poor prisoners. We beg leave to introduce a Bill to provide that in future all persons sentenced to hard labour or penal servitude shall serve their time in his Majesty's Army or Navy—not, of course, mixing with the regular Tommies. At present prisoners' work is largely unproductive and useless. There appears also to be a dearth of volunteers for the new Territorial Army. Our plan would remedy both complaints.

No doubt there are people who, like our cartoonist this week, will elevate the Report of the Police Commission to the dignity of a standard work on Whitewashing. Most of us were rather severe on Mr. Gladstone during the D'Angely commotion in that he not only declined to apologise for the action of the police, but struck a stiff-necked official attitude in an atmosphere of mystery, as much as to say, "Oh, I've cards up my sleeve, and if I were to play them you would throw up your hand at once." Undoubtedly, the right hon. gentleman's critics have been silenced in regard to this particular case. There is no doubt that this woman, who has lived an immoral life for years in Paris and Algiers, was soliciting when arrested, that her name is not D'Angely, but Clavell, and that the man who calls himself René D'Angely and made high moral protest on her arrest is not D'Angely at all, but one Soubiger, and is not the woman's husband. But for this case, the Commission would never have been heard of, and when it broke down a strong presumption was established in favour of the police.

The exhaustive evidence taken by the Commission discloses practically nothing against the Metropolitan force. The Inquiry was made "upon the duties of the Metropolitan Police in dealing with cases of drunkenness, disorder, and solicitation in the streets, and the manner in which these duties are discharged," and the essence of the Report is that the police "as a whole discharge their duties in connection with the three classes of offences mentioned in our terms of reference with honesty, discretion, and efficiency." It is pleasant to record that the police have been vindicated in this way; and it is still more pleasant to add that the vindication has been made under the strongest light which public opinion could bring to bear upon them. Individual black sheep there are, and must necessarily be, among so large a body of men. But the average of all the qualities which go to make a good police officer is high, and this is a testimonial of which they may well be proud. So here's to the health of Robert—and may he soon have one day's rest in seven.

The Bishop of London doesn't come very well out of that midnight march affair. He has failed to substantiate a single portion of his story about the 200 drunkards coming from the public-houses on the route. We have before us a copy of a letter addressed to his lordship by Mr. Walter Stephens, the dramatic author, who personally accompanied the procession, and we quote the following passages:—"I respectfully challenge your lordship to name a single public-house along the entire route from which any of the alleged drunken people came, or to give the name and address of any such drunken person. . . . Failing this, I think but one word characterises the methods of the so-called religious organisation of which you acted as leader on the night in question, and the value of your word as a professed minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who was the very incarnation of Truth and Justice. . . . *I never saw, during the whole of that evening, a single drunken or half-drunken person.* . . . I am an abstainer, practically, myself." And what is the Bishop's reply? He "has nothing to add to the letter he sent to Mr. Stanley Boulter." And what did he say in that letter? Simply that "he regrets he could not hold the view that the condition of those gathered together by the midnight procession was unconnected with the public houses passed on the route, and out of which a good many of them came." And on the top of this what does the Bishop say to the Home Secretary's statement in the House of Commons to the effect that the Commissioner of Police had informed him that not a single case of drunkenness was observed by the officers who accompanied the procession? We respectfully call the attention of the Bishop to the dictum of St. Paul—"Prove all things, hold fast that which is true."

Now that the Corporation of Hastings have effectively silenced the unco' guids of that pleasant watering place by granting to the local tramway company the right to run on Sundays, we note from the local papers

that another aspect of the question is not only touching the ratepayer's heart, but has roused a general fear that it may eventually touch his pocket. It is not to be doubted that sooner or later the Hastings Corporation will think it necessary, in the interests of the town, to purchase the privately-owned tramway system. Now the Act under which the tramways system of Hastings is authorised is a six days Act, which, of course, gave the company six days' profits on their capital. But now that the Corporation has granted the company power to take seven days' profits, an increase of capital value in case of purchase is feared. The ratepayers are exercised to know whether, in exchange for this new right, the Corporation have secured an agreement that in case of a municipal purchase of the tramways at any time, the purchase price shall be on the basis of a six days' profit instead of seven. Undoubtedly the point taken is a business one and a proper one, and the local Ratepayers' Association are justified in pressing it. The answer of the Town Council is that "the matter has already been discussed by the Corporation and a decision arrived at." The reply seems unnecessarily vague. The plain question to be answered is, "What is that decision?" There is no reason why the Corporation should not take the ratepayers into their full confidence.

We are glad to hear that Bishop Gore, of Birmingham, is well on the way to recovery from his illness. Since his elevation to the See of Birmingham, he has not only distinguished himself, but popularised himself, by a breadth of view and large tolerance of other people's religious opinions. It must be seventeen or eighteen years ago since he startled the theological dovecotes by editing that famous collection of essays which was published under the title of *Lux Mundi*, much as they had been startled years before by the still more famous "Essays and Reviews." Of all the essays in *Lux Mundi*, that of Canon Gore, on "Inspiration," which chucked into the deep sea the verbal inspiration of the Gospels, aroused the hottest controversy. It took a vast deal to satisfy Huxley on matters of this sort, for he had always a great difficulty in putting himself in the place of the other fellow when he was out for scalps. "Providence," he wrote to his friend Hooker, "has, I believe, specially devolved on Gladstone, Gore, and Co., the function of keeping 'ome 'appy for me. I really can't give up tormenting *ces droles*." Huxley notwithstanding, the Canon Gore of that day did a good work in sweeping out of the minds of men many theological cobwebs, and for all this his name will be long remembered in the land. Good health to him.

Talking of Birmingham, the Aston Board of Guardians are anxious to get some of their members and ex-members glorified as Justices of the Peace. To this ecstatic end they have petitioned the Lord Chancellor that their present Chairman, among others, shall be added to the roll of honour. One of the humorists of the Board wanted to know whether there is any special qualification for a Justice of the Peace. "What I mean," he said, "is whether a Justice of the Peace is expected to know anything of anything at all." There was no reply. We have, therefore, the honour of informing Mr. Beard, the member in question, that in qualifying for the magisterial Bench, a superficial knowledge of law is dangerous; whilst a judicial habit of thought, a full-blooded humanity, the quality of mercy, the sense of proportion, and a spacious dignity are also high recommendations. A valuable cadi never lets off a man at five shillings and costs for hitting his wife with the poker, and sends him to fourteen days for stealing a loaf of bread or a lump of coal.

A fortnight ago we received an invitation from the Secretary of the Social Democratic Federation to preside at a debate between Mr. Robert Edmondson, of that body, and a representative of the National Service League. The subject to be debated was, "Should the Working Classes Support the Aims and Objects of the National Service League?" Lord Roberts is the President of this League, and its aims and objects are universal military service. We gladly consented to preside, first, because it is not every day that one meets a man in the somewhat humble role of an ex-sergeant-major who is prepared to take the negative side of such a question, and, secondly, because we hailed the opportunity of learning something about the changes which our military forces are at present undergoing. However, it was not to be, as a few days ago we received notification that the debate was "off."

We sent our representative to ascertain the reason for the abandonment, and he was informed that the National Service League wanted an *afternoon* meeting, at which, of course, though there would undoubtedly have been plenty of Primrose dames, working men would have been unable to attend. It would seem that either the League has not courage to debate its principles in the presence of a popular audience, or that it is afraid that its champion would not be able to hold his own with a working man debater. It is the working men who, in the long run, will decide whether or not compulsory service is to be accepted. Fie, Lord Roberts! If you are so sure of the excellence of your principles, stand up and fight for them, and fight in the only arena where a victory can carry any weight.

In the course of a week we receive many strange communications. Recently, a gentleman wrote asking whether we would care to publish an article from his pen on "The Secret of Life," which he professed to have solved. We have a heavy post, and cannot always keep pace with our correspondence—hence the following further letter:—

> sir you not answering my letter proves conclusively to my mind that the secret of life have been known to science from Huxley and Darwins time that explain why they where buried in Westminster abbey they was right in keeping the missing link as they termed it dark from the world. I myself have viewed the other side of the picture carefully and have came to the same conclusion before I wrote to you on the subject I intended writing to the national sexular socoity but as I have made such a wide study of Humane Nature and have experienced some remarkable cases whereby some people are giving every chance in life to retain thier self respect they go to ruin for the lack of will power leaving envirment out of the question and adding Heriditary in its place and looking at it in another asspect recognising education and superiority over ignorance and inferiority recognising the planet work must be done by the commoner I shall keep to myself the gifts which nature endowed me with and made me see by cruel bitter experience that knowledge to myself. but I shall have to smile when I see on your Placard as I have seen your attack against the cocoa makers and other religious people like I was compelled to laugh when Sir O Lodge wrote in the Clarion a short time back the secrect of life was not know yet but would be by and by.

Now, we know all about it.

And here is another specimen from our Letter Bag:—

With my Respects From my *own Estate*,
Upton *Condemned Asylum*, Chester.
June 10th, 1908.

DEAR SIR,

Because you are one of the most useful Members of Parliament and one that don't Believe in anything Bogus, I consider it is my Duty to acquaint you and all other real Business Members of Parliament of the Fact That I The Most Noble The great Earl of Chester, *Prince of Wales*, And *Native King* of England, Have cut off Edward the Seventh and His Family from my *Credit*, From The *Credit* of This Nation, And from The

Credit of all The British Dominions Beyond the Seas. Your Parliament have full powers and Authority from Me (The *Greatest Legal Authority in Europe*) And from the Laws of England also, To *Arrest* Edward the Seventh and His Family on A Charge of *High Treason*. All Bogus and Atrocious Rulers are *Condemned by Me*. Dear Sir I suppose you and all other Honourable Members of Parliament will be astonished when I tell you I am Illegially Detained a prisioner with all my Mental and other Faculties in *perfect condition* for the last 20 *years* just because I condemn *Imposters* and *Traitors*. There is no protection for sensible people in Asylums or other Government Institutions Because The Government work on *Influence* And *don't* work on *Real Authority*. But that is no reason why I and my Family should *suffer*. To make this a Legal Document, I Discharge Myself from This place with all my Mental Faculties in perfect condition.—Yours Truly, H.R.H. Chester.

Sounds all very funny, doesn't it? And yet who shall divine the tragedy of it?

Stiggins has flung up his hands in holy horror once more in the person of the far-famed Hawke of the Anti-Gambling League. What is exciting his moral indignation for the moment is the statuary surmounting the new building of the British Medical Association in the Strand. Evidently Stiggins has adopted his usual practice of gazing up at the carved stone figures through his opera-glasses. He suggests that as soon as the school girls and school boys get to know the geographical (and astronomical) situation of these statues they will rush in their thousands to the erotic scene, and cast unholy, lascivious eyes on the nude stone. That Stiggins is no artist is a proposition which it is unnecessary to elaborate. If he had to depict the Miltonic moment when Adam and Eve "with wandering steps and slow from Eden took their solitary way," he would probably clothe Eve in a nightie and Adam in pyjamas. His "Venus Rising from the Sea" would no doubt be wearing a full-length walking costume, or, at the very least, a Directoire gown—while his Adonis would be dressed in a thirty-shilling suit of best black without even a crease down the trousers. Mr. Gladstone said in the House of Commons the other day that he was not the official arbiter of either taste or morals. As a fact, the only official arbiter of taste and morals in this country is Stiggins, who is always on the prowl to discover something to make him blush. The wonder is that he has not started before now a moral crusade to trouser our horses, cats, and dogs.

According to the Lord Chancellor, the judge who presided at the Bournemouth murder trial could have had McGuire re-tried immediately after the disagreement of the jury. But we can imagine that the action of a judge who exercised his discretion in this way would be liable to misunderstanding. It might be said, for instance, that he was anxious to secure a conviction. Still, there seems no reason why he should not have marked the case for re-trial at the end of his list, more especially when remitting the case to the next Assizes would put a great hardship on the prisoner by long delay. The practice in case of disagreement is for the judge to leave the onus of re-trial on the prosecution. The Treasury, however, is never in a hurry over these matters. It appears to take the view that the prisoner ought to thank his lucky stars that he hasn't been convicted and sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he be dead, and that he will suffer neither moral nor intellectual damage by awaiting its decision as to whether it shall offer further evidence. In the case of McGuire, the delay happens to have operated to his advantage so far as his personal liberty is concerned, but, on the other hand, it gives him no chance of clearing his name by a verdict of "Not Guilty," and it is improbable that any twelve men would have returned a verdict of the sort, even if he had been put on trial half-a-dozen times. The verdict of a first jury in these days of printers' ink establishes a sort of precedent, and a second or third jury seldom depart from it.

We are amongst the warmest admirers of Mr. Churchill, but we should like to see him at a more congenial and appropriate post than the Board of Trade—where he is obviously out of his element. As head of the Colonial Office he would be what the Fleet Street journalist calls *facile princeps*; but in charge of Trade Returns, Bankruptcy and Company Liquidation affairs, and all the rest of it—ugh! Still, he conceals his dislike of the work, which he will doubtless contrive to do as well as any of his colleagues could until Providence, acting through Mr. Asquith, is pleased to call him to another post. Perhaps Mr. Haldane may soon want a change, in which case Winston would be by far the best man for the job—always, of course, assuming that the Official Liberal Conscience is still unable to avail itself of the services of Sir Charles Dilke.

By the way, what *does* Sir Charles do all the time he is in the House? With his jerky little steps he is here, there, and everywhere—always. Now tearing through the Lobby to meet a deputation or a visitor; now in eager conversation with a labour leader or a front Opposition Bench man, first on this side of the House and then on that; now rushing to his crowded locker in the corridor—upstairs and downstairs, always laden with Blue Books and Returns; the busiest, fussiest man in all the House—only, in the end, to collapse in his seat, just divided by a cruel gangway from the Treasury Bench, to gaze, with melancholy countenance, from under the brim of his hat, upon the ponderous protégés who, never having broken the eleventh commandment and being, in most cases, both physically and intellectually incapable of doing any harm, have been called by a shrewd Prime Minister into the inner councils of the State.

Mr. W. J. Evelyn, who died the other day at an advanced age, was a charming old gentleman of the old school. At the same time he possessed a very determined character. When he was a Tory member, he actually returned one of Lord Salisbury's invitations because he considered it was not politely worded. It will be remembered that many members of his party were returned in 1885, pledged to oppose coercion in Ireland. He was, however, the only one to resign his seat when coercion was introduced by the Government. Since then he took no very active parts in politics, but his influence at Deptford was always placed at the disposal of the opponents of Mr. Balfour, for whom he cherished a profound dislike. He was not fortunate with the clergy whom he nominated to family livings in Surrey, and for many years he ran a parish magazine to criticise the actions of his nominee. It was an interesting and scholarly production, covering the whole field of public affairs in the sprightliest manner. He will perhaps best be remembered for his conflict, when High Sheriff, with a judge. During the assizes he told one of his servants to open a window. The judge instantly ordered it to be closed. Mr. Evelyn again ordered it to be opened, and was fined £500. Without a word he sat down and wrote a cheque, and when, at the close of the day, the judge offered to remit the fine, he was not at all anxious to agree.

Editors are sometimes hard put to it to find something to write about, but it is a little surprising to find Mrs. Meynell allowed to write in the *Westminster Gazette*, describing New York as "the city of young Italians," who, "with their shirts open and their handsome heads erect, drive all the carts and shoulder the bales." Then comes this cryptic passage: "These are nearly

all fathers, newly married, who have left a child unborn in the Piedmontese village, and will take some American earnings back to the mother next year." We really think we must award Mrs. Meynell one of our biscuits.

We have reason to believe that Lord Charles Beresford is not to be allowed to serve his full term as Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet. The Government cannot be justly accused of having acted hastily or unfairly in this matter. On the contrary, as many think, they have shown undue forbearance. The national safety must override all other considerations, and it is endangered by the continuance of Lord Charles Beresford in the command of that great naval force which is the only force that can keep our shores inviolate. Lord Charles Beresford's relations with the Rear-Admiral next in command have become a public scandal. For months the Admiral has refused to have any communications with Sir Percy Scott other than orders. The close and constant consultations necessary to the proper conduct of the Fleet have been made impossible by the Commander-in-Chief, who has treated Sir Percy Scott with studied discourtesy. Nor has Lord Charles Beresford hidden his dislike, or confined its expression, to his intimates. The fleet itself has begun to take sides in the quarrel, to the detriment of efficiency. Not content with banning Sir Percy Scott, Lord Charles Beresford has been in bitter antagonism to his official chief, the First Sea Lord, Sir John Fisher. And here again an incontinent tongue has revelled in boastful indiscretions. The continuance of such a state of things is impossible if there is to be respect for discipline, and this has been recognised in the decision to retire Lord Charles Beresford. It has been delayed over long. The present intention of the Government is to remove him almost immediately. We trust they will not allow themselves to be deflected from this course by the influences at work in opposition to it.

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for issues of MAY 16TH, 23RD and 30TH:—

J. M. LAWSON, 46, Allison Street, Glasgow. (No. 102670—May 16th.)
W. E. MEASURES, 2, Stockwell Mansions, Eastgate Street, Stockwell, S.W. (No. 97620—May 23rd.)
ARTHUR DANIEL BURTON, 17, Sharrow Street, Sheffield. (No. 86550—May 30th.)
J. H. CHARNLEY, Cragg Hill, Horsforth, Leeds. (No. 81110—May 30th.)
T. TAYLOR, 103, Abbey Road, Barrow-in-Furness (No. 81614—May 30th.)
W. J. HUGGETT, 40, Stafford Road, Sidcup, S.E (No. 56063—May 23rd.)
W. N. GRAVES, 28, Rowlandson Terrace, Sunderland. (No. 16380—May 30th.)
F. J. HUGHES, Slade Farm, Hampton Hill, Middlesex. (No. 61607—May 30th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of JUNE 6th:—

2018; 2786; 3363; 10926; 12949; 13902; 14285; 20155; 23782; 26108; 27632; 28694; 29719; 30486; 31848; 33823; 34476; 37159; 41845; 42499; 42644; 46487; 47005; 49980; 50480; 55770; 57893; 58752; 59631; 61065; 63933; 67651; 68597; 69093; 72415; 75876; 81269; 86856; 91334; 93853; 96352; 100452; 101086; 101326; 112657; 115402; 119699; 121733; 123827; 123940.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE NEXT NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED AUGUST 15th (PUBLISHED AUGUST 12th).

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For giving an account of a wedding and saying that the bride's "old shopmates at Messrs. Soundy and Siggs made her a present of a Liberal and Radical Association,"
THE *WOLVERTON EXPRESS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that a man "was not again seen alive until yesterday morning, when his dead body was found in the Leeds and Liverpool Canal,"
THE *LIVERPOOL FOOTBALL ECHO*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a man was charged with "stealing 10s. *in* GOLD AND SILVER,"
THE *WESTERN MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "the annual monthly meeting" of a club was recently held at Grimsby,
THE *GRIMSBY NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that in Scotland WHIT SUNDAY *is a quarter-day* AND ALWAYS FALLS ON MAY 15TH,
ANSWERS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing the Chester Cup race as "nearly six miles and a quarter,"
THE *LEICESTER DAILY MERCURY*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "one could see ladies of the higher and highest classes in the arms of important-looking top-hats,"
DR. EMIL REICH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising "a day trip" on "Whit Sunday night,"
THE MANAGER OF THE GT. WESTERN RAILWAY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "certain people living at Cuddington had spoken to him and said what a hardship it would be if they were debarred from being buried in the churchyard, to which they had looked forward with considerable PLEASURE,"
THE REV. H. PLATTS (of Ewell)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For reporting that "*ASLEEP *in the car as it drove through the grounds was Master Nicolas Machnow, the giant's little son, very small for his seven years, and a mere speck as he sat on his father's knee and* ATE PLUM CAKE,"
THE *DAILY MIRROR*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that a retired financier, aged 27, resided with his son, who was married two years ago, and is now seeking a divorce,
THE *WEEKLY DISPATCH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "one would imagine that working men, in the LATTER DAYS OF A PROTRACTED MONDAY, *would welcome the distraction of politics,"*
THE *DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Lord Wolseley was born on June 4th, 1833, and led a storming party in Burmah in 1835,
THE *MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Miss Carter, of orchid fame, has two particularly promising pups by THE BONDMAN,"
THE *ILLUSTRATED KENNEL NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that she would not let Mr. Churchill speak before he had apologised,
MISS MALONY (Suffragette)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

UNCLAIMED BANK BALANCES AND SECURITIES.

WIDESPREAD INTEREST IN MR. BOTTOMLEY'S BILL.

We are afraid it is too late to warrant the hope that Mr. Bottomley's Dormant Bank Balances and Unclaimed Securities Bill will get through, this Session. At the same time, there can be no question that, as will be seen from the Press extracts given below, a very widespread interest in the subject has been aroused; and there can be little doubt that in the course of next Session a Bill on the lines of Mr. Bottomley's measure will be passed. Members of all parties in the House are agreed that the banks should be made to disclose the amount of unclaimed money and securities in their hands. If, as represented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the total does not exceed from five hundred to six hundred thousand pounds, it is naturally asked what objection the banks can have to handing over this relatively small sum to the department of the Public Trustee; and the argument of creating "unrest" is consequently ridiculed. On the other hand, the opposition of the bankers to the Bill is viewed with suspicion.

It is the intention of Mr. Bottomley to ballot regularly next Session for the re-introduction of his Bill, and to get other members to do the same—whilst he will also raise the question upon every other legitimate opportunity. Meanwhile, he is inundated with correspondence from all parts of the country and the continent, many of the letters giving remarkable instances of the difficulty experienced in obtaining information from bankers and the hardship inflicted upon the heirs of deceased persons.

THE PRESS ON THE BILL.

Daily Express.—"The bank balances measure was brought in by Mr. Horatio Bottomley, one of the most delightful speakers on the Liberal benches. . . . The House rippled with laughter as Mr. Bottomley illustrated his argument with stories."

Pall Mall Gazette.—"Really, Mr. Bottomley made out a strong case for public interference in the matter of unclaimed bank balances. . . . One finds it difficult to imagine any cases in which the proposals Mr. Bottomley has made would be in the slightest degree prejudicial to legitimate business."

Daily News.—"The Bill introduced by Mr. Bottomley is of so much importance that we hope the present House of Commons will find means even at this late stage of the Session to proceed with it."

Westminster Gazette.—"There ought to be some machinery to meet a case such as the one quoted by Mr. Bottomley yesterday, where there is an assumption that money has been deposited in a bank by someone who has kept no record. The Public Trustee might well have the power to call for a periodical return of unclaimed accounts."

The Western Mail.—"If Mr. Bottomley's Bill be passed into law, some quite surprising hoards will be disclosed, and the spoil to the State will exceed the most sanguine expectations."

Newcastle Journal.—"It must be remembered that the banks have had the use of the moneys for long periods, in some instances long enough to double the capital."

Financial Times.—"From causes unknown to us, Mr. Bottomley secured such support that he was able to bring in his Bill. He did this in the teeth of opposition from prominent members and the recent statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the total sum involved was from £500,000 to £600,000."

Dublin Daily Express.—"Under Mr. Bottomley's clever tuition, Mr. Lloyd George may hope some day to draw a windfall for the Treasury. The Chancellor of the Exchequer cannot afford to turn a blind eye to a profitable source of income due to the forgetfulness of people."

Barrow News.—"It is difficult to see any objection to this measure."

Daily Mail.—"Much interest has been aroused by the introduction of Mr. Bottomley's Bill."

Liverpool Courier.—"Members who had fallen under the golden spell of Mr. Bottomley's oratory listened impatiently to the cold and practical remarks of a banker."

Sunday Chronicle.—"The proposal has caused widespread interest in the City."

Reynolds's.—"It seems reasonable that the State should receive this benefit, rather than that private institutions should pocket what is not their own."

Standard.—"Mr. Bottomley was effulgent. He triumphed over the Chancellor of the Exchequer. . . . He 'surrounded' him. . . . He got ahead of him."

Yorkshire Herald.—"Mr. Bottomley enjoyed a triumph."

East Anglian Times.—"The banking community are alarmed at the action which Mr. Bottomley has taken."

The Times.—"Mr. Bottomley delivered an interesting little speech."

Sheffield Independent.—"The House of Commons would have been dull but for Mr. Bottomley's fairy-like story of hidden treasure."

Manchester Courier.—"The House thought the subject too dazzling to be cold-shouldered."

South Wales Daily News.—"It seems to be doubtful whether the banks take sufficient steps to discover the owners of property which has been left in their hands."

Lancashire Post.—"Mr. Bottomley made out an extremely strong case."

Liverpool Daily Post.—"Mr. Bottomley made a speech which opened up the prospects of a new Eldorado."

Dundee Advertiser.—"The opposition of the banks to Mr. Bottomley's measure will rather strengthen the idea that the amount of the securities to which it refers is much greater than they are ready to admit."

Bristol Times and Mirror.—"No one would be surprised if the way were prepared to the passage of Mr. Bottomley's Bill."

Yorkshire Post.—"It must be confessed that Mr. Bottomley captivated the House. There were significant cheers as he unfolded his wondrous fairy tale. It impressed the House."

Eastern Morning News.—"Some remarkable instances were related."

Boston Independent.—"There can be no doubt that there must be innumerable sums of money left derelict at banks by persons who have gone abroad and died, by persons who have been secretive about money matters, and whom death has overtaken, even by persons who have actually lost their memory."

Western Daily Press.—"There is gold and silver plate in the vaults of the old banks to the tune of millions. What is more, countless bank-notes have been issued which have never been presented for payment."

News of the World.—"Twenty millions are estimated to be lying in British banks unclaimed and forgotten. Obviously this huge treasure does not belong to the banks."

GILES ON HIS PENSION.

Don't look a gift 'orse in the mouth, they say,
  Wich is orl wery well,—but see,
Wot's the good of this Pension scheme
  To a workin' chap like me?
The 'stistics reckon we most of us die
  Before we're fifty-five—
Well, if I'm to 'ave a pension at all,
  Let's 'ave it when I'm alive!

If I'm unlucky enough to live
  To seventy years of age,
And 'av'nt saved up ten bob a week
  From out of me "livin' wage,"
I goes to the village post orfice
  And ses to the gal be'ind,
"I'm old, and I want five bob a week,
  A form, miss, if you don't mind."

I sends me application in
  To the Committee. W'en they meet—
A lawyer, the parson, a non-conform,
  And the butcher from down the street—
The Chairman 'e looks me up and down,
  And ses, "'Oo is this man?
W'y 'av'nt you saved ten bob a week?
  Well, we'll 'elp you if we can."

It may be this, and it may be that,
  But it doesn't go down with me;
It'll make us feel like paupers still,
  With the local authority.
I'd rather pay out a bit myself,
  Say fourpence a week or five,
And feel I was gettin' me own back, and—
  I'd like it when I'm alive!

WALTER MOSER.

THE SPECTRE OF THE SEVERN TUNNEL.

AN EXCITING RAILWAY ADVENTURE.

By R. Williams.

The train was just approaching the Severn Tunnel. I settled myself more comfortably in the corner of the first-class smoking carriage, and glanced at the lamp, glad to find it was burning brightly. I had left Newport in Monmouthshire, where I had spent my yearly holiday, and was returning to my bachelor's quarters in town.

I had plenty of papers to help me pass the time, and I was smoking an excellent cigar. What more could any man ask? Gradually a feeling of drowsiness began to steal over me, but I was awakened by the prolonged shriek of the engine as we raced down the incline to the entrance of the Severn Tunnel. I jumped up to close the window, and, as I reseated myself, looked casually at the other end of the carriage. What I saw there made me start and rub my eyes. Sitting by the window, his shoulder turned towards me, was the dim figure of a man. How on earth had he got there? Certainly I had the carriage to myself on leaving Newport. The train had not stopped since. Could he have lain concealed under the seat? Reflection contradicted this idea. On entering the compartment I had clumsily dropped my umbrella, and had gone down on my knees to pick it up.

I felt sure that there was nobody beneath either seat at the time. My mind flew to lunatics and escaped convicts. He might have come from some other carriage, and, crawling along the footboard, have opened the door of my compartment and entered while I slept. Recollection flashed across me that the guard had locked the door before leaving the station. All these thoughts had whizzed through my head with the rapidity of lightning. I kept my eyes earnestly fixed on the figure of my companion. It was not easy to distinguish much about him. The lamp, with which I had been so satisfied a short time before, was now burning dimly, and the whole carriage seemed full of fog. The quiet figure began to edge towards me. The movement was very slow, very gliding, and he scarcely seemed to diminish the distance between us. My eyes must have grown accustomed to the curious light, for I was able to note the peculiarities of my unwelcome fellow-passenger. He was a small, thin man, dressed in a long cloak, evidently a waterproof. He wore no hat, but, harmless as he looked, I began to experience an indescribable feeling of alarm.

I am not an imaginative man; indeed, I had always prided myself on my eminently practical way of looking at things. My foolish terror seemed an insult to myself. The man, whoever he was, lunatic or convict, was so much smaller than I, that supposing he did attack me, I had nothing whatever to fear. My superior size would tell in my favour.

I longed to speak, to ask him why and how he came there, but my tongue refused to utter and break the oppressive silence.

With a sinuous movement he still approached me, keeping his head steadily turned away. From under the flapping sleeves of the waterproof his arms projected, and the sight of his hands, long and white, with square tips to the fingers, and nails bitten below the quick, arrested my attention. They were never still. have noticed plenty of people afflicted with Saint Vitus's dance, but that is the helpless twitch of disease, and totally different. These long fingers seemed to be crawling, creeping smoothly and with a fixed purpose. They were like ravenous animals restlessly awaiting their prey. And all the time the man edged nearer. He had now reached the middle seat, and in a moment he would be touching me. With a desperate effort I seized the elbow rest which divided the seats one from another, and pulled it down. That would stop him. But no. He moved slowly on, and as his cloak brushed my barrier without so much as his touching with those dreadful hands, it flew back to its place in the cushions. At that the little courage that I had remaining left me. I was unable to make any attempt to touch the communication cord, but sat huddled up in the corner, trying to squeeze myself farther away. Nearer and nearer came the figure, and all the air around grew cold and damp.

Then, as he touched me, the head turned slowly and I saw the face, with pale eyes, and an expression in them which I dare not think of, lest I go mad. Then swiftly the long hand shot out and caught my throat, and beneath the clammy touch of those crawling fingers my flesh crept with repulsion. For it was not the touch of a living man. The grasp of the hand tightened, the face came closer, scrutinising mine; the chill moisture enveloped me. I was suffocating. Something awoke within me. By Heaven, that evil thing should not work its will unresisted! I struggled to thrust it from me. My strength was no more than a child's, and the hand at my throat remained as before. Only the head was thrown back, and the horrid features were convulsed with ghastly, silent laughter. As I realised the new horror of that soundless mirth, a shriek burst from my lips, and at the same moment the lamp flickered and went out. Then my senses left me.

* * * * *

Where was I? I asked myself, as I opened my eyes, and looked at the ceiling of the railway carriage and the extinguished lamp. The sun was shining brightly through the windows, giving quite a cheerful look to the dusty compartment. Suddenly recollection flashed across me, and I sprang to my feet. There were no signs of my terrible travelling companion. Outside it was no longer country. We were flying through the suburbs of London. My faint had lasted long. Could it have been a dream—some dreadful hallucination of the brain? As I stood wondering, my eyes fell on the cushion on which I had sat. In my fall to the floor it had been dislodged.

What were those dark marks on the seat below? I turned the cushion, and saw the same marks repeated. Stains, of course, but caused by what? As we approached Paddington I rose, and endeavoured to smooth my dress and arrange my tie by aid of the glass under the parcel rack. My collar was torn. On my neck were five blue finger marks. Presently we steamed into the station, and I called a hansom and drove to my rooms. For several days I was the victim of nervous prostration, then I wrote to my friend, the general manager of the railway, telling him the story, and begging him to come and see me. He complied at once, and made me repeat my adventure. As I finished I paused for the expressions of incredulity. None came. "Are you sure you have the number of the carriage correct?" he asked. I assured him that it was so. "Your story," he said, gravely, "is most extraordinary, but I must tell you there is a most curious coincidence connected with it. Do you remember a murder that occurred in the train some months ago? No? Well, it happened in the Severn Tunnel. It was perpetrated by a small, pale man in a waterproof. I don't wonder you start. The victim was a wealthy old man who had an unaccountable fancy for carrying his valuables loose in a bag. He was found murdered when the train reached Paddington. The small man had disappeared. After some weeks he was traced. He had jumped from the train, bag in hand, and was careless in the way he disposed of the stolen property. The murder took place in the identical carriage in which you travelled. But now comes the remarkable part of the story. The day on which you travelled, the murderer paid the penalty of his crime. He was hanged that morning." "Now," said my friend. after a pause, "are there any questions you wish to ask?" "No, thank you," I said, slowly. I had heard enough for one day.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—XXII.

We have received the following:—

Yet again, the old sad tale retold—too old at 40! It seems to be the standard, that in these days, when one gets beyond the age of 25 or 30 years, he is considered old and unfit for work. I really would not complain if there was a good *pension* attached to this condition of life. I am a druggist's assistant (qualified and registered), aged 45, and have been for 14 years employed as charge hand in three different situations. I am now out of employment, owing to the business I had charge of being sold, the purchaser taking sole charge, with a junior hand. No matter where one seeks for a situation, the same reply is given —"We want a younger man," no matter how good one's abilities are. Is it not unfair, harsh, and cruel, when one's age only is put against one? I can produce excellent references, as to capabilities and character. Yet they do not count. I have a wife and five young children to support, yet I cannot get a chance. No wonder we read of so many cases of suicide, and other horrible crimes, when one is almost denied the right to live, though anxious and willing to work.

RELATIONS.

By Jim Crow.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

I have never quite understood why relationship should be popularly supposed to imply friendship, or even common interests. It is true that nature has provided parents with an instinct which induces them to take care of their offspring during the years of helplessness. But only a foolish sentimentality continues the obligation after the period of helplessness has passed. Consider the birds of the air and eke those of the farmyard. Your cock is very kind in providing worms for the little ones when they would starve if they were left to their own resources. But no sooner has a cockerel grown his spurs and begun to fancy himself and attempted to coquet with his mother or his aunt, than the father is ready to fight him as soon as look at him. Of course, I do not suggest that if long acquaintance has inspired a mutual esteem between a father and son, it may not be regarded as admirable. I am only denying that the fact of relationship or the accident of birth establishes a right to unmerited affection.

The Farce of Fraternity.

Still less are we called upon to love our brothers and sisters. Our relationship with them is necessarily productive of rivalries, and struggles in the family afford the very best training for the struggle for life which must inevitably follow. Ethics and history are as usual on the side of my contention. Take up your Bible and read how "a man's foes shall be those of his own household." Remember also how in ancient times, more particularly in Oriental countries, the death of a parent usually inspired the strongest of his sons to remove all brothers by a prudent use of the knife or the bow-string. In this milder age, milder methods are employed, but fraternity is still a farce, and how rare a thing it is even now to find a brother or a sister who will hesitate about any sharp practice to secure the lion's share of a parent's legacies. Indeed, in many families, there is a daily diplomacy always going on to curry favour in the hope of eventually obtaining the best of the dead man's shoes. Or if such diplomacy be too great an effort, the craft of the children will be concentrated upon grasping immediate and excessive benefits.

The Folly of Fathers.

Many a father is regarded merely as a sort of relieving officer, and appeals are made in a blackmailing spirit to make him responsible for debts or persuade him to avert disgrace out of regard for the family honour. On the other hand, many parents are strangely thankless about their amazing good fortune when their children happen to be thoughtful and well-behaved. You will hear a man say, "My boy never gave me an instant's anxiety all through his life. He does not drink, he does not smoke, he does not gamble, he never exceeds his allowance." But instead of rejoicing over having pulled off such a 33 to 1 chance, he plumes himself almost as though the accident were due to his own cleverness. Instead of waxing generous, he will persist in hoarding his cash.

Unctuous Uncles.

Take uncles again. I can well understand how they have come to be regarded everywhere with ridicule. They arrogate to themselves the right to interfere with our affairs and are always ready to give us unsolicited advice, though usually reluctant to give us anything else. The word, indeed, has come to be regarded as a synomyn for a pawnbroker or other harsh and unconscionable Jew. On the other hand, aunts are often amiable and benevolent when able to dissociate themselves from the immediate interests of their own offspring. Pope evidently had a poor opinion of their joviality and charm when he wrote about "Old-fashioned halls, dull aunts and croaking rooks"; but I think he must have had those on the maternal side in his mind, for my experience teaches me that these are

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usually the most exacting and the least friendly, perhaps because the ties of family bind them less tightly.

Here, however, we find tradition at variance with practice. Whereas the average uncle of the present day would rather see his nephew go to the devil than put himself out one hair's breadth to assist him in time of trouble, the word nepotism suggests frantic and illegitimate efforts to secure fat posts for unworthy nephews. Examples of this tendency have been afforded at all times from the days of the Popes, whose nephews were often only so called out of respect for the prejudices of society, down to the Premiership of Lord Salisbury and the Chancellorship of Lord Halsbury.

Consanguinity and Cash.

After all, most relationships are either acknowledged or denied according to their merits. No one is so popular or so lavishly flattered as the rich uncle with a free hand for the disposal of his property, while the poor relation has passed into a proverb as an unmitigated nuisance and an object for contempt or derision. That, however, is only human nature, and bears out my contention that consanguinity is very little regarded nowadays. Men will always flatter and fawn upon the prosperous, from whom cometh much comfort; they will always neglect and despise the unsuccessful and the unfortunate; and no ties of blood ever affect this natural attitude.

Relations at Law.

The prudent husband takes good care not to include his wife's family in his marriage settlement. It is quite a sufficient responsibility to establish a permanent intimacy with a female whose character and disposition have to be assumed on insufficient evidence; but to become all of sudden the son and brother and uncle and cousin of a number of strangers is too great a temptation of Providence. The qualification implied by the addition of the words "in law" serves to emphasise the very natural hesitation with which the new ties have always been regarded. A sister-in-law is accordingly only a sister in a very qualified sense. Indeed, now that a certain Act has been passed, she is scarcely even a sister-in-law. As to mothers-in-law, I forbear to say anything, for they have already been cornered by the comic papers and the music halls, and overwhelmed with far more ridicule than they can ever have contrived to deserve. Peace to their ashes!

The Vicious Home Circle.

In order to realise the deplorable effect which family ties exercise over the temper and character, you have only to observe any average family at home. All intelligent conversation soon becomes impossible, because each member knows all the others have to say, and the only alternatives are acrimonious discussions or vain repetitions. The effect of family life is to check the imagination, to discourage versatility, to perpetuate a monstrous and monotonous stupidity. Look again at a family party when it pays visits or otherwise exposes itself to the public gaze in a herd. Manners and originality and artificial charms become impossible, for the ugly nature of each individual has long been probed by the others, whose cold criticisms, appropriately known as home truths, invariably paralyse even the boldest liar. Think also of the handicap which a pretty girl has to endure in the company of an ugly mother who resembles her to a painful degree. Surely even the blindest of her swains cannot fail to be deterred by the reflection that perhaps some day the mistress of his heart may develop into some such barridan.

No Place Like Home.

I suppose the family is, after all, a disagreeable necessity, and I do not pretend to be able to suggest any substitute for it. But at any rate there can be no harm in uttering a mild protest against the stream of sentiment which poets, philosophers, theologians and other unpractical persons have lavished upon what after all is not so much a tie as a fetter.

The reposeful satisfaction

that the smoking of the right tobacco gives, is so pleasant a daily experience that those who can command it are to be envied.

The petty worries that harass and annoy cease to trouble the man to whom the pipe has taught its cheerful philosophy.

This comfortable and healthy content, ninety per cent of smokers will find is given them by one of these three tobaccos, which are alike in all good qualities, differing only in strength:

CHAIRMAN (MEDIUM)
BOARDMAN'S (MILD)
RECORDER (FULL)

From principal tobacconists, 5½d. per oz.

R. J. LEA,
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£20 to £5,000
IMMEDIATELY ADVANCED to any responsible person on note of hand, WITHOUT SURETIES or FEES.
Distance No Object. Absolute Privacy. Apply ACTUAL LENDERS.
CHARLES STEVENS & CO.,
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LAUGHTER AND TEARS.

A CONTRAST.

By Richard Morton.

Punch and Judy's theatre on four long legs has just set up its pitch at the corner of a quiet street. The little man with a round face disappears under a striped cloth, and the melancholy man with the Pan pipes whistles his last few reedy, rasping notes.

Toby, a mongrel pug in a dirty white ruff with a red border, is suddenly jerked by an unseen hand from the shelf in front of the proscenium.

Mr. Punch, with his shiny, hooked nose and his blue and yellow hump—like half a new moon—pops up and shrieks, "Here we are again! Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

Judy, with her fatuous face and spread-eagled arms, insinuates herself by his side. Incautious Judy! amiable, but misguided spouse of that old rascal who clasps his club to a chest that heaves with suppressed laughter.

Whack, bang, whack! And Judy lies prone on the shelf where the footlights ought to be, her poor arms outstretched, her head hanging limply down. Whack, once again!

Mr. Punch dances around in high glee.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" he shrieks in merriment.

All the children and the few grown-ups who compose the audience are laughing in unison. The children laugh because it is all so homely. It is just like father and mother. The grown-ups linger and look on because Punch and Judy is getting to be a rarity in the streets of London. This man with the Pan pipes is almost the last vagrant Bohemian capable of playing them. Their music is well-nigh one of the lost arts.

And even his greatness has its limits. It is fine to be an artist, as uncopyable and alone as if set upon "some high peak in Darien," but even a genius must find the ways and means of living. So the man puts the Pan pipes in his pocket, and is about to commence to nob. To nob is to go round with the hat—to visit each nob, or head, in the audience. In chapel it is called accepting offerings. At charity entertainments it is called making a silver collection. But it is all nobbing.

Just as the man stretches out the Pierrot hat—reserved for this important function—a man in black slowly passes into the same street from around the corner.

Immediately behind him are two more men in black; then two more. Then two black horses, then a hearse—an open, glass hearse—with a coffin inside, piled over with flowers. Then a mourning coach, and another, and another.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" shrieks Mr. Punch.

"*Ssh!*" hisses the man with the Pan pipes. He tears the striped cloth aside and puts his head into the theatre.

"Why didn't yer keep yer eyes open?" murmurs a muffled voice from the interior.

Down comes Mr. Punch, dragged ignominiously down. Down comes Judy. The stage is empty.

The children in the audience gaze admiringly at the crystal hearse.

"Oh, wot loverly flowers! Ain't they beautiful!"

The man with the Pan pipes takes off his hat. And keeps it off.

The children look at him suspiciously. "Wot's the matter with the old man?"

One of the grown-ups removes his hat also. The others look half inclined to follow suit, but they are shy.

Half of Mr. Punch's congregation of youngsters tail away after the funeral procession.

"Come on, 'ere's a burial!"

"Ain't it a pretty coffin?" sighs one girl, wistfully; "so shiny." Anybody can see she is consumptive.

"Look at the brass 'andles!"

"And the flowers!"

"*Oh!*" It is a long drawn-out sigh from all the poor little kiddies. Such real elegance demands the tribute of their willing admiration.

At the window of the first mourning coach a white face with dark eyes is seen, just for a moment. Then, confronted with Punch and Judy, it sinks sharply back.

The last coach passes. The living and the dead pace into the distance. The man with the Pan pipes replaces his hat and gazes stolidly down the street till the procession has turned another corner.

"Right, Bill," he says.

His audience is sadly depleted. The youngsters will follow the funeral till it breaks into a trot.

Why Remain a Victim to Debility or Nervousness?

How frequently we hear a person describe the state of his Health as "Fairly well." By this he means that, although not suffering from any particular Ailment, his Health and Spirits are "run-down"; in short, that he is not so well as he might be. Perhaps he feels Depressed in mind and weak in Body, finds himself losing Flesh and Muscular Vigour, and is conscious of "something wrong," although not knowing exactly what.

To such people we confidently recommend a short course of Guy's Tonic—the best and most efficacious Tonic-Restorative Medicine we possess. Guy's Tonic will speedily create a healthy Appetite; Food will be relished and thoroughly Digested; the Blood will be rendered rich and pure; Assimilation of Nutriment will be perfect, and the whole System will be Strengthened and Vitalised in such a way as to banish all Langour and Low Spirits, and produce Healthy and Vigorous action of every Organ.

Guy's Tonic is a British Preparation, purely Vegetable in composition, and is exceedingly beneficial in all "low" conditions of the System.

A short course of

GUY'S TONIC

will cause any Debilitated, Anæmic, Dyspeptic, or Nervous Invalid to become Robust and Strong.

Mr. William Reid, of Maryville, Edward Street, Hamilton, N.B., writes:

"I am one of the many users of your invaluable Guy's Tonic, which quickly dispels Weariness, Sleeplessness, and Fag. I find Guy's Tonic the best Remedy to give the Tone, Vim, and Vigour necessary to enjoy life."

Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere at 1/1½ per bottle (Family size 2/9).

BENGER'S FOOD

A food of great nutritive value which can be made suitable for any degree of digestive power by the simple process of letting it stand for a longer or shorter period at one stage of its preparation.

When strength is returning after illness, a carefully regulated and increasing amount of exercise for the digestive functions is beneficial. Benger's Food is the only food which can be prepared so as to give the stomach this regulated amount of work.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

"De Profundis." By Oscar Wilde. (London: Methuen. 1908. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Duchess of Padua." By Oscar Wilde. (London: Methuen. 1908. 12s. 6d. net.)

I should have thought it was unnecessary to reprint the works of O. Wilde, but he evidently possesses at least one admirer—namely, his editor, who astonishes us with remarks about the man's "extraordinary genius" and "magnificent intellectual endowment." If those gifts ever existed, they are certainly not illustrated by either of these books. In his impressions of prison O. Wilde calls himself a "lord of language," but, judging from the style of "De Profundis," I should dismiss him as a very junior lord indeed. Take the following sentence:—

> Expression is as necessary to me as leaf and blossoms are to the black branches of the trees that show themselves above the prison walls, and are so restless in the wind.

Why leaf in the singular and blossoms in the plural? And the word "so" is a colloquialism usually avoided by writers who have any pretence to style. Again, on the next page I find the barbarous word "modernity," which has not been sanctified by the best dictionaries. Surely the kindest service which Wilde's friends could render him would be to permit him to be forgotten.

"The Stronger Claim." By Alice Perrin. (London: Chatto and Windus. 1908. Price 6d.)

This is a very remarkable book, and I am surprised that I have never read it before. It gives an extraordinarily vivid picture of life in India, and the problems produced by marriages between English and natives. The impartiality of the author is amazing, and she contrives to portray the repulsive side of natives and its effect upon Anglo-Indians no less convincingly than the poetry and glamour of the East. The story leaves an impression of sadness, but a good English style and a healthy point of view are so unusual in modern books that they must be welcomed with emphatic enthusiasm. I shall certainly order all Mrs. Perrin's previous works, and look out for her next one.

"The Wife." By Horace W. C. Newte. (London: Rebman. 1908. Price 6s.)

Mr. Newte is now on different territory, and is perhaps better as a humorist rather than as a politician. Of course the foibles of suburban people with social aspirations are not ridiculed for the first time, but he treats them with a freshness and lightness which almost amounts to originality. His plot rambles somewhat wildly, and his pictures of life in the houses of the great are evidently intended as a caricature. Even if we had not been told so on the title page, we might have guessed that he had turned a play into a book. I should imagine that the play must have been screamingly funny.

"Rupert Brett." By Harry Forrester. (London: Elliot Stock. 1908.)

This is the story of a prig written by a prig. The son of a nobleman graciously condescends at the instigation of a fatuous clergyman in the slums to complete his education by living in a factory. The worst of it is that the people probably existed. If so, they ought to be kicked. Here is a sample of their humour:

> "All the same you've talked me out of my comfortable home into some beastly works in the North of England, where I shall learn to smash my fingers and drop my h's."
>
> "'Then you really mean to go?'"
>
> "Of course I do. By Jove! I'll make the most of my meals this week; soon I shall be living on cold pork, bullock's heart, tripe and onions, and other dainties of the season. By the way, I must buy a paper of pins to eat my winkles with."
>
> "Winkle, winkle, little Brett," began Henley, but the effort was too much, and he at once relapsed into silence and busied himself with his dry toast and tea.

"The Love Seekers." By Mary Welpole. (London: Greening. 1908. Price 6s.)

Another unnecessary book. Facing the beginning of the first chapter I notice an announcement that the author has another novel "in preparation." I hope I am in time to suggest that she should reconsider her determination. It is annoying to be expected to fawn upon an imaginary duchess.

"And the Day Came." By Albert Dorrington. (London: Hutchinson. 1908. Price 6s.)

An Australian attempt to expose the depravity of the British nobility. The author writes in an absurdly inflated style, and evidently cherishes extraordinary ideas about high life in England.

A SUPERINTENDENT'S WIFE.

Indigestion, Neuralgia, Heat Nausea, Stomach Pains—

Another chance! What it would mean to some people—how much they would give for it! A chance for health, success, happiness! Thousands and thousands of our readers have lately gained all these, and from Royalty downwards, they are each and all convinced that it was entirely due to the energy and vitality imparted by Phosferine that they had *another chance* at all. There is nothing like *actual experience* to drive the fact home, and the cure of Mr. John Bryant's wife, exactly illustrates the astonishing efficacy of Phosferine when doctors and hospitals had failed to relieve. Mrs. Bryant suffered from Indigestion, Neuralgia, acute stomach pains, and most distressing nerve disorders, yet when everything else had failed, her husband thought there was just a chance that Phosferine would cure her. It *did* cure her—and so marvellously quickly that no one is more astonished than the lady herself, whose glowing health and superb vitality is the most *practical proof* of the energising and invigorating properties of Phosferine that anybody could desire.

Wholly cured—and stay cured.

Mr. John Bryant, Superintendent's Office, Peabody Buildings, Farringdon Road, Clerkenwell, writes:—"The effect of one small bottle of Phosferine has been simply astonishing in my wife's case, so much so that had I not seen the marvellous improvement in her condition I should not have considered it possible for a remedy to have made such a vast difference in so short a time. For years she had been suffering from acute indigestion, intense headaches, nervousness, and a complication of distressing symptoms, among which Neuralgia and sleeplessness were not the least to be dreaded. Neither doctors or hospital treatment did her any good. To add to the misery she was in, the hot weather coming in produced a wretched feeling of nausea, swelling of the veins, overheating of the blood and acute griping pains in the stomach that made her seem to sink into herself and not be able to stand upright. She went into a profuse perspiration upon the slightest exertion, or even if she was only the least bit startled. I noticed an advertisement of Phosferine, and suggested her giving it a trial, and even a few doses gave marvellous relief, and by the time she had finished taking the contents of the bottle, no one would have credited the extraordinary change in her condition. She ate her food with pleasure, the feeling of heat nausea gave place to a healthy brightness, the terrible headaches disappeared, and in every respect she was endowed with a new vitality that completely overcame all her old troubles."—JUNE 5, 1908.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia	Indigestion	Sleeplessness
Rheumatism	Premature Decay	Nervous Headaches
Brain-fag	Anæmia	Maternity Weakness
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PHOSFERINE PREVENTS SUMMER CHILLS AND HEAT NAUSEA, and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

The Remedy of Kings.

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands To the Royal Family

H.I.M. the Empress of Russia | H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the Queen of Roumania | H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia
H.I.M. the Emperor of China
And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

PHOSFERINE STORES UP ENERGY

Bottles, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c.
The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To His Highness the Khedive of Egypt.

SIR,—We are always very glad to see you over here, now that you have finally made up your mind to be a good boy and stop troubling us at Cairo. There was a time when you cherished decided hopes of turning us out of your country, and I remember how pathetically you used to talk to journalists and other sentimentalists about the freedom of your native land. Those, however, were moments of youthful enthusiasm, and as soon as you grew up sufficiently to take a practical view of life, you realised that resistance was hopeless, and intrigue unwise. The forces of Lord Cromer were too strong for you, and Egypt remained a broken reed on which you could not have comfortably relied. You preferred the dignity and luxury of life as a puppet, to the exile and misery which adorn, but do not enliven, the career of the unsuccessful patriot. Your misfortune has been that you were born too late. If you could have occupied the throne of Ismail, your dynasty would have avoided disaster, at any rate until the advent of the Mahdi. You are a man of intelligence and culture, admirably suited to your present position, though I doubt whether your modern point of view would commend itself to the more fanatical of your co-religionists, if the British protectorate were withdrawn. After all, you've not had a bad time of it, on the whole, and I hope you are satisfied. Some caged animals are.

JOHN BULL.

To His Majesty the Shah of Persia, King of Kings.

SIRE,—I daresay you imagine that you have been displaying admirable firmness and fortitude in your relations with your Parliament. Of course, if it refused to be dissolved, you were quite right to insist upon your prerogative, and it is quite possible that you really intended to order new elections in the autumn when the excitement would have had time to abate. But surely you might have contrived by the exercise of a little judgment and forbearance to accomplish your object without having recourse to bombardment. In any case, I cannot congratulate you upon your personal appeal to King Edward against the action of his representative at Teheran. You may not know much about Parliamentary etiquette, but you must surely have been aware of the elementary rules of diplomacy. You may be King of Kings in your own country, where there do not happen to be any kings, but you are not the king of our King, and, if you have anything to say to him, you must do it through the British Minister. Moreover, who are you that you should make such a fuss about the protection afforded to the refugees, whom you are pleased to call "political incendiaries"? It is not so very long ago that you were a political incendiary yourself, and you were glad enough to take refuge from your pursuers in the province of Azerbaijan. It is unfortunate for you that your country is situated in a part of the world where disorder cannot be tolerated at any price, either by England or Russia. If your capital were situated on the banks of the Save, no doubt you might be allowed to work out your own sweet will so long as your people continued submissive. But as it is, I should not be surprised if some little palace plot took place before very long, and you were either made acquainted with a bowstring or invited to travel abroad for the good of your health. You will then have an opportunity of justifying the language of that beautiful little poem:—

The Shah, the Shah, the Shah, the Shah,
The wonderful Shah of Pershah;
His thousand wives they cuddled him so
That to Europe he was forced to go;
The Shah, the Shah, the Shah, the Shah
The wonderful Shah of Pershah.

Meantime, I am your Majesty's most abject slave.

JOHN BULL.

To the Lord Mayor of London, Mansion House.

MY DEAR LORD MAYOR,—Your name has not been in the papers as often as that of your predecessor, but I am delighted to notice it at last in connection with your chairmanship of a meeting called to establish an association for the better organisation and administration of charitable funds. As Lord Avebury explained to the meeting, there are between 1,700 and 1,800 London institutions engaged in the work of administering such funds. Practically each of these moves in its own exclusive orbit, maintains its big or little band of permanent officials, spends any money it happens to have left over after the officials have done with it in its own way and according to its own discretion, and doesn't care twopence whether or not any of the other 1,799 societies are working up the same street among the same people to the same end. All this results not only in constant overlapping, but in constant fraud and waste. Many so-called charity organisations live wholly by begging, touting, and pestering. They have as their main object the support of well-paid secretaries and other staff officials; so much so that nearly half of the contributed funds vanish in administration expenses.

Your Lordship well knows that large numbers of people who habitually contribute to the relief of distress in various ways, exercise no discrimination whatever. Their hearts and their pockets are most easily touched by the secretary who can make the best begging appeal, while other quiet-going agencies with a minimum of office expenses are overlooked. It all comes to this—that such a society as you have now inaugurated, is one which has long been needed. Its object, I gather, is to put individual subscribers into the proper channel for the distribution of their charities. I hope it has also another object—that of advising charitable people where advice is sought, and discouraging as far as possible the dissipation of their money in excessive costs of administration and distribution. If the efforts of the new society are equal to its aims, hundreds of thousands of pounds at present diverted from the suffering and the needy will reach them as much to their uplifting as their blessing.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Weaver, Workhouse Master, Southwell, Notts.

SIR,—The other day one of the Southwell Guardians chanced to look into the workhouse grounds while travelling in a train, and he there observed you kick a boy in "what he considered a very brutal manner." After the meeting at which he made the complaint, you explained to him that the kick which you presented to the boy "had no force behind it." The boy was hoeing turnips, when you remonstrated with him; he became insolent, and so you corrected him with your boot.

As the boy didn't complain, I will take it that the kick was playful, and resulted neither in bruise, sprain, footprints, nor breakage. But, my good sir, I beg you not to kick boys while hoeing turnips, or any other vegetables, for that matter. The fact that you did it once when a Guardian saw you rouses suspicion that you have done it before when he didn't. It is a bad habit, and some morning when you are in a specially bad temper your boot may hurt. A workhouse boy is not to be kicked into civility, any more than you, a workhouse master, are to be kicked into kindness. Keep your kicking foot on *terra firma*, and when you feel like kicking anybody placed in your charge by confiding ratepayers, kick yourself.

JOHN BULL.

To Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, 168, Piccadilly, W.

MY DEAR LORD,—I trust your appeal to motorists for contributions to the Hospital Sunday Fund was as successful as it deserved to be. As you said, "there are 1,000 beds in the various hospitals unoccupied for want of funds." I am sure they are not unoccupied for want of motorists. But have you reflected that the very fact of your appeal may tend to make the motorist less careful than he is? If he is to subscribe to the hospital, he may reasonably assume that he has a right to supply a few patients. By the way, have you ever considered the suggestion of motorists running a hospital of their own—with, perhaps, a system of old age pensions tacked on, for the benefit of the permanently maimed? Think it over.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. John Hawke, Secretary, Anti-Gambling League.

SIR,—What a wily bird you are! For over twelve months the Limerick craze has flourished, and hundreds of thousands of pounds have been lost by means of it. All this time you did nothing. But now the Limerick is dead—dead as a coffin nail—you wake up, rushing in to rend the corpse in the hope of cadging some of the glory of having slain it. I am afraid it won't wash, Hawkey; I fancy that the average man will see quite clearly that, while you are at all times ready to hound down the street bookmaker who has no money and less influence, you dilly-dally in an amazing manner when it comes to attacking a combination of millionaire newspapers. Please don't imagine I approve of Limericks any more than I approve of you and your tinpot league. These lines are merely written to point out to you that the killing of something which is already dead *may* be sublime, but it is certainly ridiculous.

JOHN BULL.

THE POLICE COMMISSION HAS REPORTED.

PROPOSED STATUE FOR NEW SCOTLAND YARD.

IN THE CITY.

THE BRITISH TEA TABLE COMPANY, LTD.

In our last issue we dealt with the affairs of the British Tea Table Company, and we published a sworn declaration to the effect that the Company has been serving its customers with refuse food. We should have thought that statement would have brought denial from the persons responsible for the affairs of the Company—indignant denial and followed by writ for libel if untrue—denial anyway. We have not heard from these persons. Our readers will draw the inference.

PETROLITE (1908), LTD.

In our issue of June 20th we directed attention to the promotion of this company, which, we understand, will be before the pubilc very shortly. Its capital is £75,000 in shares of £1 each, and £41,000 shares are about to be offered for public subscription. We have already spoken of the merits of the lamp, which appear to be incontestable. In the first place it is absolutely safe, there being no free liquid to spill in the event of its being overturned. The lamp has been submitted to no fewer than seven tests by the British Fire Prevention Committee. It was gently tipped over and rolled off the table on to the floor. It was forcibly overturned. It was rolled on to some muslin and shavings laid upon the floor. It was forcibly overturned on to the muslin and shavings. It was kept burning for thirty minutes and then extinguished. The chimney and mantle were removed, the valve was opened, and a light applied. The valve of the lamp was left turned on for thirty minutes, in an ordinary temperature, the chimney and mantle being removed as the light was applied. In all these tests the result was the same, the lamp went out, or there was no ignition. The lamp has been specially selected by H.M.'s Office of Works, Edinburgh, for lighting Holyrood Palace. It has been passed by the L.C.C. as an absolutely safe lamp, and for emergency lighting in theatres. It is the only portable lamp allowed to be exhibited lighted in the Agricultural Hall, Olympia, and Horticultural Hall Exhibitions. It is clear, therefore, that the lamp is absolutely safe. Then the cost of using it is much less than that of an ordinary paraffin lamp, while the light given is of much greater efficiency. As there are no wicks to trim, and no cleaning is required with these lamps, all the labour connected with them is reduced to a minimum. With these many advantages it is reasonable to assume that there will be a large demand for the lamp once its merits are made known, as they will be after the present company has got into working order. The vendor company has, since its formation, devoted its time and resources to improving and developing the lamp rather than to the pushing of the sale with a view to earning profits. With the working capital which will now be available there will be energetic pushing of the lamp. Notwithstanding the little that has been done in this direction hitherto, the present demand exceeds the vendor company's power of supply.

The company is very moderately capitalised, and the lamp can be sold at a price which, whilst commending it to the public on the score of cheapness, will leave a handsome profit to the company. It should be able to distribute large dividends by and bye. The offices of the Company are at 202, High Holborn, W.C.

VAAL RIVER GOLDFIELDS.

The Klerksdorp Gold and Diamond Co. lived several years, but with unsatisfactory results to its shareholders. The company lacked effective management. Yet sound judges of mining property believe that under different conditions the property of the company can be worked to great advantage. New working capital is however necessary, and it has been decided to reconstruct, the outcome of the reconstruction being the Vaal River Gold Fields. This company will begin its operations at a time when there is a great reduction of working costs. The old company treated some 70,000 tons of ore, yielding with the latest portion of the machinery 20s. per ton. The capacity of the plant is now 90,000 tons per annum, and taking the profit at 7s. per ton, which is believed to be a reasonable estimate under the new conditions, this should give a net yearly profit of £31,500. The capital of the new company is £350,000 in 1,400,000 shares of 5s. each. These shares are issued credited with 4s. 6d. paid up, so that the present shareholders have only had to pay 6d. per share for their holdings. The market capitalisation of the whole 1,400,000 shares at 6d. per share is therefore only £35,000. Less than half of the shares have been issued. The Vaal River property contains an enormous quantity of ore, estimated at about 4,000,000 tons, whilst the width of the reef varies from 3 ft. to 20 ft. It will be seen from these particulars that the potentialities of the company are considerable.

THE CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LIMITED.—Stock and Share Dealers, Queen Anne's Chambers, Westminster, S.W. No Commission. Loss Limited. Profit Unlimited. All payments made directly bargain closed. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. Telephone Nos., 837 Westminster, 7765 Gerrard. Telegraphic address, "Stockwork," London.—ADVT.

ANOTHER DEAL.

Another correspondent sends us a batch of correspondence relating to a deal he has had with one of the advertising outside brokers, who, by means of margins and options, and similar devices, promise fortunes without work. On June 16th last our correspondent wrote to the brokers in question, enclosing £18, "being," to quote the brokers' acknowledgment, "margin due on stock opened for you." The stocks were Union Pacifics, Baltimores, and Canadian Pacifics.

Our correspondent seems from the outset to have been a little uneasy as to the wisdom of dabbling in Stock Exchange transactions through agents who were strangers to him, and not members of the Stock Exchange, and on June 22nd he instructed them to close his account. The following morning he received a communication from them, from which we take the following:—

> We regret that owing to a temporary set back, the margin on your shares became exhausted.
>
> We herewith send you closing contract.
>
> Needless to say we are very sorry, but, of course, you will recognise we have no control whatever over the fluctuations of the market.

This, however, referred to Baltimores only: the firm tried to cheer our correspondent by telling him that:—

> Canadians and Unions are still open, and we think they should shortly show you a good profit.

But our correspondent had lost all confidence in these people, and wired next morning to close Canadians and Unions, whereupon he was informed:—

> We are in receipt of your wire, and in reply beg to say that Baltimores and Unions were closed, as the margin became exhausted, and we closed Canadians in accordance with your instructions, the price being 162¼. We send you herewith our cheque for 10s. in settlement of account.'

After this the firm tried to persuade our correspondent to send them more money. Instead he told them what he thought about them, to which they answered on June 30th:—

> We think our previous communications to you have answered you fully respecting your deal, therefore we hardly see that there is anything more to say about the matter.

Our correspondent is £17 10s. poorer than he would have been if he had had no dealings with these people, but we congratulate him upon recovering the odd half-sovereign. He is luckier than many other victims of the firm in question, and other persons of the same kidney.

JOHN B. MCKENZIE.

A correspondent tells us that some months ago he did a little business with John B. McKenzie, and, curious to say, made a profit, but

> had rather a job to get it; in fact, I had to go to his address and refused to leave without it.

Under these circumstances it might be thought that John B. McKenzie would have no kindly recollection of our correspondent, and it was with considerable surprise that he received a telegram, dated July 1st, from McKenzie, which runs as follows:—

> Good dividend due shortly; Sherbro' shares worth £40 each. Act on letter immediately. Don't refuse without consideration. Awaiting your reply by wire.

Then followed a letter enclosing three telegram forms, running as follows, and addressed to "Unciphered, London."

> Please reserve — Debentures and — Founders' shares at £12 10s.
>
> Am writing applying for — Debentures by post and will buy — Founders' shares at £12 10s.
>
> Will take — Debentures and — Founders' at £12 10s. each.

Accompanying these telegrams, which our correspondent was invited by McKenzie to sign and forward, there were two lengthy typewritten circulars lauding "Sherbro'

shares." We may quote the last paragraph of one of them. It is inimitable in its impudence:—

> Let me therefore for the last time ask you to give this your weightest consideration. I have here a thing the like I have never come across before. I ask you in all earnestness not to let the shares go. There is, in the holding of a few, a modest fortune. Take your courage in both hands, as it were. You are not asked to act in the dark, the fullest details are at your disposal. I am not getting rid of what I cannot sell myself, for I am the biggest holder of the shares. Will you let me hear from you?

A CANADIAN ISSUE.

Penmans, Limited, is a Canadian company engaged in making knitted underwear, blankets, woollen hosiery, "and such-like absolute essentials." "To-day," says the prospectus just issued, inviting the British public to buy 170,000 six per cent. cumulative preference shares at 5 dollars each, "the company is the largest and most important manufacturing concern of its kind in Canada." If so, and its position is as described in the prospectus, it is a little puzzling why the directors, all of them Canadian men living in Canada, find it necessary to come to this country for the £170,000 they want. We advise our readers to leave the issue to our Canadian brethren.

ARGYLL MOTORS, LTD.

Unable to pay the interest due on the debenture stock on the 30th ult., the directors of Argyll Motors, Ltd., have called an extraordinary meeting of shareholders to be held at Glasgow on the 14th inst., when the following resolution will be submitted to the meeting:—"That it has been proved to the satisfaction of this meeting that the company cannot, by reason of its liabilities, continue its business, and that it is advisable to wind up the same, and, accordingly, that the company be wound up voluntarily."

A NEW IRISH LAND ISSUE.

The public has been surfeited with gilt-edged securities of late, but the new Irish Land issue of five millions 2¾ per cent. stock at the price of 89½, should prove attractive.

We direct attention to the prospectus of the British Aluminium Company, which appears on page 43.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

CARLTON HOTEL SHARES.—BORO' (Southwark).—They ought to be worth their present price. This must have been an exceptionally good year for London hotel companies, but competition grows keener every day.

IRISH INSURANCE OFFICE.—H. W. O. (Manchester).—We have no knowledge of its position.

TEA SHARES.—A READER FROM THE FIRST NUMBER (Berkeley).—They would represent a very speculative purchase.

CAR AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. W. (Streatham).—We see no reason why you should not take out "a heavy workmen's insurance policy" with this company, which is making rapid headway. E. R. V. B. (Brondesbury).—We think not.

INVESTMENT OF £60.—C. W. (Plymouth).—It would be quite safe in Lyons'.

ANGLO AND CONTINENTAL SYNDICATE.—Knackie (Edinburgh).—The answer is in the negative.

CUSTODY OF PLATE.—E. D. M. (Glasgow).—The practice of banks varies as to making a charge for the custody of plate. It is entirely a matter of agreement between them and their clients.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—BANKER (Penge).—The interest offered is much too high to enable us to recommend your depositing with the people you name.

TOUTING CIRCULAR.—T. P. (Coventry).—Have nothing to do with the outside broker you name. He is an unmitigated rogue. We cannot recommend the purchase of the shares, but Lipton's represent a sound investment.

CHAMPION AND SLEEK, LIMITED.—VICTOR (Forest Row).—Yes, we think so. The candle-making company you name is of old standing and high reputation.

PRIVATE BANK.—G. T. J. (Victoria Docks).—We think not. A. B. (St. Margarets-on-Thames).—No.

RE-INVESTMENT OF MONEYS.—W. B. (Preston Park).—You are conjuring up unnecessary anxieties. There is no investment absolutely free from risk of loss. A few years ago Consols were selling at 114. Now they are down to 83. All the most prudent can do is to select the stocks or shares of companies with a good record and steady dividend payers. As to the comparative security of debentures and preference shares in prosperous companies, it is practically the same, but when things are going wrong, of course, the debenture holder is in the safer position if the debentures rest, as a rule they do, on bricks and mortar, machinery, and so on. Hence the smaller interest which contents debenture holders. As to whether it is safer to have debentures in a company that is not prosperous, or preference shares in one that is, the preference shares are the better holding unless the debentures are very amply secured, and even then we should prefer the preference shares.

INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.—A. B. B. (Pontnewyndd).—If you read JOHN BULL you must know that we do not advise depositing with people who offer exceptionally high rates of interest.

PURCHASE OF HOUSE.—A. E. R. T. E. X. (Sydenham).—We think you could make a better selection for your purpose.

MILLARS' KARRI AND JARRAH.—ENQUIRER (Ealing).—If you can get the price you name we should be disposed to accept it.

DELIVERY OF CERTIFICATE.—NOVICE (Swansea).—The delay is not unusual. We have no doubt you will get the certificate in due course.

CURRIE AND CRISP.—R. C. (Edinburgh).—We fear we cannot help you in the matter. If you will have dealings with such people, you can hardly be surprised when called upon to pay the piper. We return the correspondence with contract note.

STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—A. E. G. (Long Eaton).—It is a good office, although the board has been in sharp difference with some of its policy holders.

"STOCK UNIONS."—PERRIER (Birmingham).—Better resist the temptation if you would save yourself from loss. Most of the concerns you name in the list sent should be avoided.

GENERAL ACCIDENT ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.—P. F. B. (Halifax).—We have handed your letter to the publisher.

NATIONAL EXPLOSIVES COMPANY.—BLACK WATCH (Malpas).—No, we do not think there is any likelihood of the ordinary shareholders getting the return of their money. We return the letter you enclosed.

POSITION OF INSURANCE COMPANY.—D. M. (Brondesbury).—Strictly it is not an insurance company, and we cannot recommend you to have dealings with it.

MARCONI WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY.—S. J. R. (West Norwood).—We regret the delay in answering. These shares are very speculative, and we see little likelihood of much improvement in the quotation at present.

SUNDRY OUTSIDE BROKERS.—G. W. (Cardiff).—Our advice to you is to have nothing to do with outside brokers and Stock Exchange speculation, but if you will send your money to somebody, No. 3 of your list would probably treat you fairly.

SICK INSURANCE COMPANIES.—NEMO (Canterbury).—You do not say what sort of insurance you want. If you will let us know, we will tell you which of these offices we think the best for the particular insurance desired by you.

THE GILT WAREHOUSE COMPANY.—J. W. (Wick).—We know nothing about them.

OLD AGE PROVISION.—R. J. (Fallowfield).—There are societies that would do what you want, but, of course, the premium, having regard to your age, would be high.

PURCHASE OF BONDS.—R. M. (Middlesborough).—Say that you have consulted us, that we have advised you to write to them again, and repeat your request for delivery. Let us know the result.

THE SOVEREIGN ASSURANCE COMPANY.—A. L. L. (Cardiff).—Write again to the secretary of the company. Say you do so upon our advice, and let us know the result.

STOCK EXCHANGE AND BANKING COMPANY.—E. N. (Leith).—We have looked into this matter, and the managing director denies the accuracy of your statement, and encloses an account showing a debit balance of £13 8s. 6d. It is impossible for us to decide who is right in the matter.

NORTHERN EQUITABLE INSURANCE COMPANY.—IGNORANT (Glasgow).—We think not.

LIVERPOOL AND VICTORIA FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—INEXPERIENCED (London).—We think you may without hesitation.

BELGIAN BI-MONTHLY MONITEUR.—W. McM. (Cricklewood).—You should make application to Messrs. Davies and Co., Finch Lane, Cornhill, E.C.

TRACY MILLER AND COMPANY.—R. C. L. (Torquay).—You send us the correspondence a little prematurely. Clearly there has been an inexcusable delay, but as in their letter of the 30th ult. Messrs. Tracy Miller and Co. say that the transfer will be sent to you within the next day or two, it would have been better to wait and see whether the promise was fulfilled before communicating with us. If you have not got the transfer by the 9th inst., write to us again.

SWIFT AND COMPANY.—EGUIN (Newport).—It is not a purchase we should recommend.

NEW GREAT WHERAL FORTUNE SYNDICATE.—A. P. (Bayswater).—We do not.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—HER ROW (Bristol).—We think you may safely put your money on deposit with the Mercantile Bank of London or Farrow's Bank.

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY DEBENTURES.—C. P. P. (Wolverhampton).—We consider the investment a sound one.

THE EQUITABLE HOUSE PROPERTY COMPANY, LIMITED.—SAFETY (Morley).—The reply is in the negative.

MYSORE GOLD MINE.—WELSH INVESTOR (Aberystwith).—We think them worth the present quotation.

FARROW'S BANK.—IGNORAMUS (Devon).—We think you may safely deposit with the bank.

A SCHEME FOR MAKING MONEY.—H. R. (Birmingham).—We have read your letter with much interest. You seem to be a steady man who has put your savings into Consols and Great Northern and South-Western stocks, and you have about £40 in cash. But when we get to the suggestion of your letter, upon which you ask our advice, we are less sure about your intelligence. You propose to study "several financial papers," and then to buy and sell upon the Stock Exchange. When stocks go down you will buy, when stocks go up you will sell. It reminds us of the way whereby children are told they may catch birds by putting a little salt on their tails. If you can get near enough for that you are pretty sure of getting your bird, and so, if you follow your plan, you are pretty sure of making money. The difficulty is how to manage it. You propose employing one of the most notorious of the outside brokers, and you think you can do it, we suppose, by means of margins and options. Take our advice, and leave your money where it is. You have sound stocks, which will go better again by and bye. Hold to them, and throw all the rubbish you get from outside brokers, promising this and that, into the fire.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—A. K. K. A.—Have nothing to do with the firm you name. F. R. W. (Bristol).—We cannot advise your having anything to do with these people. G. J. D. (Old Bethnal Green Road).—We agree with the opinion expressed by the *Mint*, and we are not aware that any different opinion has ever been given in these columns.

PREMIUM BONDS.—R. W. (Gateshead).—We cannot advise you to buy the bonds off the people you name, who would charge you much more than the market price. H. H. W. (Leeds).—If you go to N. Keiser and Co., of 99, Threadneedle Street, E.C., or the London and Paris Exchange, you may rely upon their getting you what bonds you want at the market price.

ONE AND ALL SICKNESS.—Z. O. (Paddington).—The association is young, but it is well and vigorously managed, and we have confidence in its future. J. T. M. (Hartshill).—We will inquire into the matter.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—J. J. (Garvagh).—We advise you to have nothing to do with the people you name. Y. K. (Glangevlin).—Ben Evans and Co., Harrods' Stores, Lipton, J. Lyons and Co., Maple and Co., Weldon's Cumulative Preference. Any and all of these would give you the return upon your capital you want.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—W. B. (Plaistow).—We do not recommend institutions which offer such high rates of interest.

FELTHAM'S BANK.—H. W. B. (Watford).—It is not a bank in the ordinary sense of the term. J. N. (Dulwich).—We think not.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—P. R. B. (Hornsey).—Yes, the company is financially sound, and it is well managed.

SAFE BANK.—CATHCART (Cathcart).—We cannot recommend you to have dealings with the concern you name.

"FOR A SPECULATOR."—FOOLISH (Eltham).—We are obliged by your letter and its suggestion, but we do not see our way, at any rate at present, to carry it out. We know of no better way to lose one's money than by acting upon the "tips" of persons, more especially stockbrokers, who are supposed to be "in the swim."

RHODESIAN EXPLORATION.—A. B. (Bournemouth).—As a speculative lock-up they may have their attractions.

PURCHASE OF BONDS.—PENPYCH (Treherbert).—It would be a very speculative purchase.

COMPANY DEBENTURES.—H. G. S. (West Bromwich).—The powers of debenture holders are not regulated by any special Act of Parliament, but are governed by the general law of mortgages and by the special conditions contained in the debentures themselves.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

ADMINISTERING JUSTICE.

A correspondent directs our attention to the way in which they administer justice on the Machynlleth Bench. He sends us a report taken from the *Montgomeryshire Express*, of a case in which a man named Evans—a grocer's assistant—was charged by an Inland Revenue Officer with having carried a gun without a licence. The defendant denied the charge and pleaded that he was not carrying a gun, but a pole. He also said that the constable who charged him was drunk. The constable's evidence required corroboration, and the case was adjourned in order that Inspector Steaurt, of the Board of Agriculture, who was in company with the constable when he, as alleged, saw the gun, could be present. But when the case came on for further hearing the Inspector did not appear, and Mr. Crookshand, the Supervisor, prosecuting, explained that the Inspector was not summoned because it would be expensive, "more than the penalty that could be inflicted."

However two witnesses were called. The first of them saw defendant carrying what he *thought* to be a gun. He could not put it beyond that. The second witness swore that it was a gun. At the conclusion of this man's evidence the Bench retired, and upon their return, intimated that they were satisfied that the accused was carrying a gun, and fined him £1 and costs. Thereupon his counsel ventured to remind their Worships that he had not had any opportunity of cross-examining the witnesses for the prosecution or putting his side of the matter before the Bench, when the following instructive conversation took place:—

Mr. Woosnam: I wish note to be taken that the Bench retired before I cross-examined the constable, and before going into my defence they returned and fined defendant £1 and costs.

The Chairman: You addressed the Bench.

Mr. Woosnam: Your Worships are satisfied without hearing what the man had to say.

Col. Norton: I think we did it to save time. All the witnesses you could bring forward could not make us believe that he was not carrying a gun.

Mr. Woosnam: The point is the Bench retired before I cross-examined the constable. There is an appeal now in these cases, and I must do what I can for my client.

The Chairman: We are quite satisfied.

Mr. Davies: We are quite satisfied; let us go on with the business.

Col. Norton: *I should like to get on; I am not paid for my time here.*

The Chairman: Next case.

Well may our correspondent say in his covering letter to us "it will be quite apparent that the magistrates in that part of the country have no idea of fair play and justice, and absolutely no conception of procedure."

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

The point raised by the correspondent whose letter follows seems to deserve attention:—

I do not know whether those who, like you, advocate a shortening of the period of limitation as regards the recovery of debts are aware that the six years' limit is not applicable to judgment debts, and that the effect of the proposed law would merely be to compel the creditor to bring the debtor into Court before the expiration of six months instead of six years from the incurring of the debt. But the debtor might still be kept twenty years paying instalments on the debt if the action were commenced within the reduced time-limit. If any change is made in the Statute of Limitations, it should be to the effect that debts (or perhaps small debts) should cease to be recoverable by any process after a certain number of years had elapsed since they were incurred—providing, of course, that they might be paid out of property vested in trustees or assignees for the purpose of paying them without regard to the lapse of time. One of the great evils of the present system is keeping an instalment-order hanging over the head of the unfortunate debtor "it may be for years and it may be for ever," with the liability of imprisonment for non-payment of each instalment. It is here that we require a time-limit.

SOME LEGAL QUERIES.

Rebate of Income Tax.—Clark (Manchester).—If the assessment on which the tax has been paid is not reached by the actual profits, application should be made to the surveyor of taxes to allow a rebate. This will be made for one year.

Patent Act (1907).—W. H. A. (Loughborough).—You should examine the Patent Act and see exactly how it applies to your case, and then write us on any particular point of difficulty, as we cannot publish a treatise on the Act here. It seems to us that the transfer of the master patent would have the effect you suggest.

Making a Will.—W. C. (Thornton Heath).—There is no reason why you should not write out the will, but it is better for you not to do so. The witnesses, however, must be independent persons, who are not to receive anything. If a witness is included for a legacy the will is not void, but the legacy is.

Payment for Motor.—Reader (Sheffield).—You are liable to pay all that the dealer can prove you owe him, and your best course is to compromise it with him.

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"BLACK & WHITE"
THE WHISKY OF WORLD WIDE REPUTE

MR. GOLFER,
When in doubt play SIKH.
A Golf ball that has for its motto "Never known to disappoint" should appeal to you.
The SIKH is the ball; the SIKH is the last word in ball manufacture, every care and attention combined with first-class materials makes the SIKH.
The SIKH costs 1s. 6d. each, 17s. per dozen, and can be obtained everywhere.
A sample SIKH will be sent post free on receipt of 1s. 6d. in P.O. or stamps from
FRANK A. JOHNSON, 22, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

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ICILMA FLUOR CREAM
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Every cheque can be verified. No one is asked to send us a single order until we have proved to him—proved beyond all question and doubt—that the above statistics are true in substance and in fact. That is plain enough. Read about millions and fortunes which *may be* made if you like, but insist on Proof of what *has been* and *is being* made. Surely that is only reasonable. If you fill up the Enquiry Form below, we will send you proof of everything stated on this page.

Record for the past 20 Weeks.

£60,760	... ...	20 weeks ago	£73,880	... ...	10 weeks ago
£61,980	... ...	19 weeks ago	£75,260	... ...	9 weeks ago
£63,060	... ...	18 weeks ago	£76,790	... ...	8 weeks ago
£64,360	... ...	17 weeks ago	£78,470	... ...	7 weeks ago
£65,440	... ...	16 weeks ago	£81,950	... ...	6 weeks ago
£66,660	... ...	15 weeks ago	£85,370	....	5 weeks ago
£68,355	... . .	14 weeks ago	£88,720	... ...	4 weeks ago
£69,720	... ...	13 weeks ago	£92,030	... ...	3 weeks ago
£71,060	... ...	12 weeks ago	£95,120	... ...	2 weeks ago
£72,430	... ...	11 weeks ago	£98,460	... ...	Last week

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Dear Sirs,—I have pleasure in stating that, since getting into touch with your firm, I have had about **THIRTY DEALS** on your advice, all of which have been closed at a considerable profit to myself, without a single exception; and through your accurate predictions and kind attention, I have succeeded in recouping a large proportion of my losses through other brokers.—Yours faithfully,

G.....H.....G.....

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Those who are in a position to speculate £5 or more should Call or Cut Out the Enquiry Form below.

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To the Secretary, THE NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE,
22, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

Telegrams: "Sotsherex, London." Telephone: 712, London Wall (5 lines).

Sir,—Please send me (gratis and post free) your full terms of business, your booklet entitled, "The Science of Money-Making," copy of your Chartered Accountants' Certificate, copies of Unsolicited Testimonials, and a list of separate Cheques aggregating nearly £100,000 paid to Speculators who have recently followed your advice. Also copy of your Review containing latest Recommendation for a quick rise.

NAME.....
(Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

ADDRESS.....
(Please write distinctly.)

J. B. 1133

Date.....

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Bathing Dresses.

The joys of bathing are approaching, but somehow or other the bathing-dress question is not so happy. It is so difficult to look attractive, if one really wants to *bathe*. There are, of course, the accordion silken skirts, the beribboned sandals, and the lace caps that constitute the attire of the French demoiselle, who calls a promenade along the beach a morning dip. But when we want to be athletic and vigorous there is nothing better than a bathing dress made of alpaca. It is light, smart, bright and comfortable, and neither shrinks nor clings unduly to the figure. A new style is to cut the yoke square and do away with the sailor-collar, which does not suit everyone. It is also becoming to knot a bandana handkerchief on one's head, which, if not quite as efficacious as the hideous cap, is much healthier and much more becoming. Stockings are also being worn, to add to the smartness of the general appearance. They are not inconvenient, and ward off jelly-fish and crabs.

Exhibition Dresses.

A mere man asked me the other day if I had seen the dresses at the Franco-British. He had actually noticed them and was much struck. Perhaps he is more easily pleased than I; perhaps it is an absence of the Directoire—(the models were put up before the historic Longchamps affair)—which left me unenthusiastic. Perhaps by now they have added the style. Certainly there are exhibits by every tip-top Parisian and English firm. The two frocks that impressed me most were a princess dress made entirely of fur, and a little white embroidery frock, quite simple, with one piece falling from a square, collarless yoke, to below the knee, and another falling beneath that. Just above the waist is drawn a band of crushed strawberry satin. The sleeves are wide and loose, and short, with no shoulder-piece showing. It is easily copied and perfectly charming.

The Modern "Merveilleuses."

A distinctive new fashion is that single rather wide frill of white lawn projecting from one side of the vest. It is more correctly to be called a ruffle, as that was its name when it was in fashion before, in the Directoire days, for it is to the French Revolution that we have gone for the inspiration of all our new season's modes. The skin-tight gowns that Paris dressmakers are introducing, for example, are merely a reproduction of the "Merveilleuses" frocks of 1792, when they were supposed to be modelled after the costumes of ancient Greece. From the literature of the time, we know that the garments of the Revolutionary female were almost diaphanous, were slit up to the knee to show the leg at the side, and were actually damped before being donned in order that they might cling in to the form! In some obscure way, this costume was supposed to declare that adhesion of the *Citoyennes* to the principles of Grecian republicanism as then revived in France. No such inducement to patronise inconvenient and *inconvenable* garments, however, can be offered to us as the prospect of the guillotine, as a "suspect" brought to bear upon the women of Paris in 1792; and it may be safely prophesied that the gowns of this season and next will, at the most, but follow those models from afar.

How Many Cups?

What nonsense some people talk! A worthy Bishop (I will spare him his name) says if you quarter a woman's age you will find out how many cups of tea she likes drinking. And by the same analysis, I suppose, if you don't know her age, multiply the number of cups she takes by four, and you have it! Most unpleasant. We had better have our tea in the seclusion of a coal cellar or else limit ourselves to one cup.

Aunt Tabitha Rejuvenated.

What has happened to what used to be called "an old maid"? She has vanished, and in her place there is a sort of evergreen young person, who, instead of cats and lavender bags and herbs, lives on a farm and keeps chickens and pigs. I wonder if she does it because she desires, in her heart of hearts, to get as good a semblance of married life as possible.

Natural Beauty.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM, the greatest discovery ever made for the skin, restores and preserves Natural Beauty and lends a charm to even the plainest face. It is quite free from grease and the Icilma Natural Water it contains does away with the use of oily or starchy skin foods. For preventing and curing sunburn, peeling, roughness, redness or insect bites and for giving lasting cool clean comfort it is supreme. Price 1s., all Chemists.

Icilma Fluor Cream.

Send 8d. stamps for dainty samples of CREAM and SOAP, art card on "Skin Tone," full particulars for care of skin, and "How to tell a good Cream."

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To His Majesty The King of Spain.

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTONS TEA

THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

COATS MINUS SLEEVES.

Whatever else may be imputed to it, the dress question can never be called monotonous. Quite the latest thing now to wear with a muslin or lace frock is a long, cutaway, sleeveless coat of the same material, or of heavy lace.

CLINGING RAIMENT.

Every effort must be made, though, if you would look up-to-date, to be or seem slim of shape. Petticoats, obviously, you banish utterly. Only knickies of softest satin or billowy chiffon will suit you. The very up-to-datest of all plans is to have fixed inside your "sheath" gown, attached by one side to the frock itself, that is to say, a satin "pantalette" (female of pantaloon, you observe), into which you insinuate your limbs to begin with, afterwards drawing up the Princess or corselet-cut top of the frock as best you may. The lower part of the "pantalettes" being adequately but only sparingly frilled, serve to just lift the skirt from the ground over; while the attachment of their upper part to the skirt itself at one side and to long "suspenders" at their other top edge, at one time prevents their rising out of place and obviates any unnecessary fulness, concealing the outline above the knees. This is *la vraie verite*, I assure you—quaint, isn't it? And don't you think that good town councillor "had reason" who remarked that if the free library committee were to undertake to blot out the betting news from the daily papers, they should also be instructed to blot the advertisement that give us away in all the most *intime* details of our toilette?

The British Aluminium Company, Limited, are issuing a Prospectus, which states, amongst other things, that:—

The Prospectus has been Filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies. Applications must be lodged with Parr's Bank, Limited, 52, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., or any of its Branches.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST will OPEN on TUESDAY, 7th JULY, 1908, and CLOSE on FRIDAY, 10th JULY, 1908.

THE BRITISH ALUMINIUM CO., Ltd.

(INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES ACTS 1862 TO 1907.)

AUTHORISED SHARE CAPITAL, £1,300,000.
DIVIDED INTO

60,000 Six per Cent. "A" Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each (40,000 of which have been issued and fully paid up) ...	£300,000
60,000 Seven per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each (all issued and fully paid up)	,000
60,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each (all issued and fully paid up)	,000
40,000 1908 Conversion Shares of £10 each (convertible when fully paid up into one £5 Seven per Cent. Preference Share and one £5 Ordinary Share), of which 39,070 are issued and £4 per Share paid up	400,000
	£1,300,000

ISSUE AT PAR OF
£700,000 FIVE P.C. MORTGAGE DEBENTURE STOCK,
Part of an authorised issue of £1,000,000.

Payable by the following instalments:—£25 per cent. on Application; £20 per cent. on Allotment; £25 per cent. on 1st October, 1908; £50 per cent. on 1st January, 1909—£100.

Or payment in full may be made on Allotment, or on the first of any subsequent month, interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum accruing from the dates of payment.

TRUSTEES FOR THE DEBENTURE STOCK HOLDERS:
THE TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, AND SECURITIES INSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.

SOLICITORS FOR THE TRUSTEES:
SLAUGHTER AND MAY, 18, Austin Friars, London, E.C.

DIRECTORS:

JOHN D. BONNER (Chairman).*	ROBERT HEATH, J.P.
H. E. SAWYER, M.A., M.Inst.C.E. (Vice-Chairman).*	FRANK ROBINOW.
A. J. SHARWOOD.*	R. W. WALLACE, K.C.
	H. WOLFENDEN.

* Also act as Managing Directors.

TECHNICAL ADVISER:
W. MURRAY MORRISON, M.Inst.C.E., M.I.E.E.

ENGINEERS:
THOMAS MEIK AND SONS, 16, Victoria Street, S.W.
Sir ALEX. B. W. KENNEDY AND JENKIN, 17, Victoria Street, S.W.

BANKERS:
PARR'S BANK, LTD., 52, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.; and Branches.

BROKERS:
DEUTSCH SCHLESINGER AND CO., Warnford Court, London, E.C., and Stock Exchange.

SOLICITORS TO THE COMPANY:
BRISTOWS, COOKE, AND CARPMAEL, 1, Copthall Buildings, London, E.C.

AUDITORS:
CREWDSON, YOUATT, AND HOWARD, Bassishaw House, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICE:
ARTHUR JACOB, 102, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Prospectuses and Application Forms can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from the Bankers, Solicitors, or Brokers.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

This Form to be filled up and forwarded entire to Parr's Bank, Limited, 52, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., or any of its Branches.

THE BRITISH ALUMINIUM COMPANY, LIMITED.

Issue of £700,000 Five per Cent. Mortgage Debenture Stock. Part of an authorised issue of £1,000,000.

No. 83.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE BRITISH ALUMINIUM COMPANY, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £..... as a deposit of five per cent. on application for £..... of the above Five per Cent. Mortgage Debenture Stock of the British Aluminium Company, Limited, I request that this amount may be allotted to me, and I agree to accept the same, or any smaller amount that may be allotted to me, upon the terms of the Prospectus, dated 3rd July, 1908.

ORDINARY SIGNATURE .....
NAME (in full)* .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
DATE..... 1908.

* Please State whether Mrs., Miss, Reverend, or give other distinctive description.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

ISADORA DUNCAN AND OTHERS.

I trust that none of my readers will miss the chance of seeing Isadora Duncan and her happy little disciples now offered at the Duke of York's Theatre because of the nonsense that is being talked about her in the papers. To read certain of the tributes paid to her, one might imagine that they were the eulogies of a lunatic, written by a lunatic; whereas there is no saner woman in all Europe to-day than "The Duncan." Being an American, Miss D. is naturally very "wide;" and when she wished to start a school for the promotion of pseudo-classical dancing in Germany she knew she must advertise it eccentrically or no one would listen to her. So, emulating the example of Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, and John Burns (who owe much of their fame respectively to sunflowers, Jaeger clothing, and straw hats), the smart Isadora walked about the Continent in semi-Greek attire with lilies in her hands—or something of that kind. Having a Yankee brother she got him to play the goat in equally grotesque fashion. What "The Duncan" foresaw happened at once. Greeny-yallery persons of both sexes, decadent and imitation-decadent, rushed to her with offers of support. So it came to pass that the 'Frisco girl who had danced beautifully since she was a child, with the aid of some of the least healthy and most over-cultivated persons on the Continent, inaugurated one of the most wholesome cults of recent years.

HOW THE GREEKS DANCED.

Of course, we none of us really know how the Greeks danced; but with the aid of the designs on vases and the like Miss Duncan has made some delightful guesses. She has modelled her own dances and those of her pupils on the rhythmic measures of the Greeks as they are suggested by their remains. "The Duncan" dances embrace the whole body and mind of the dancer: they are not mere curious steps and swings and turns and twists. They are based on ideas; and the brain and the imagination have as much to do with them as the feet and hands. Miss Maud Allan learnt her method from "The Duncan"; and she has applied it with wonderful skill. But she has neither the soul nor the genius of her original; and she has a touch of modern grossness, of provocative suggestion that Isadora Duncan has not. The difference is that between the artist and the craftsman: the one is inspired, the other is gifted. And not only has this American woman revived the Greek dance: she has tried to revive the Greek ideal of life—the Simple Life of the open-air, and plain food, and artistic physical and mental training. If ever an attempt to get back into the remote past was justified, it is this experiment of Isadora Duncan, who is at once a thorough modern and a most attractive ancient.

A SECOND COMING.

Eight years ago "The Duncan" was welcomed by a select few in London; now that there seems danger of the fine things she stands for being dragged in the mire by Cockney showmanship, it is well that she should come again to remind us how simply beautiful and naturally joyous they are. Mr. Charles Frohman must be thanked for giving her and us this opportunity. Isadora Duncan is known in every other capital of the Old World as the freshest and, in many respects, the most brilliant dancer of her time; it is passing strange that London should have had to wait so long to see her at a popular place of entertainment.

ENGLISH PLAYS FOR GERMANY.

I am afraid that Miss Meta Illing will live to rue the day when she tried to popularise the British drama, in English, in Germany. For some years past, of course, Wilde and Shaw, and in lesser degree Pinero and Sutro—who has done German plays into English as well as had his English plays done into German—have been very well known in the original English to German theatre-goers. And, of course, too, the Germans know more about Shakespeare than we do ourselves: they call him "our Shakespeare," and they play him more often in Berlin than we do in London. The German "backfische" will tell you that she does not care to see Shakespeare done in England: "he is so misinterpreted." Probably she is right. I have never seen Shakespeare in German; I have in French, and once was enough for me. But Madame Illing is under the impression that the Germans would like quite a lot of our plays if only they could see and hear them adequately performed. So she proposes to get together a good all-round English company and tour it through Berlin, Dresden, Hamburg, Frankfort, Munich, and Vienna. If the repertory is very fine, the company first-rate—I mean composed of excellent actors and actresses, not necessarily famous actors and actresses—and the stay in each place brief, the tour may pay its way. I doubt this, however. If it does, it will rather be because the knowledge-grubbing German wishes to practise his English than because he is enamoured of the British drama, I fancy. However, we shall see. I wish Madame Illing success, but I doubt whether she will achieve it.

TOO MUCH FRENCHMAN.

M. Severin-Mars, who came here some years ago as M. Severin, has returned to England again to give us a short series of plays at the Royalty. Who is supposed to patronise the shows, theatrical and music-hall, that consist so largely of Parisian artists? Surely not the Parisians who are visiting us, to see us, not their own countrymen! Surely not our own countrymen who, as a body, do not care for French plays or French acting—and understand them even less.

P.

BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded and Confounded Rumours:—

That the L.C.C. does not hate the site of Kingsway.
That "P.C." now stands for "Perfect Confidence."
That the Suffragettes intend to "blow up" the Government.
That, for garden parties, Keir Hardie has a sovereign contempt.
That Justice Grantham wept when he heard of the fire on his estate.
That tooth-powder is now being made at Woolwich Arsenal.
That a pedestrian has been seen to blush while passing the Strand statues.
That the production of tobacco in Scotland will be a growing industry.
That the Society for the Destruction of Vermin will commence with Brother Stiggins and his tribe.
That the Shah's subjects are delighted with the Suffer-age.

The Suffragettes' raid on the Terrace the other day suggests a new battle-cry—"Boats for Women!"

Mrs. Drummond's harangue to the M.P.'s on the Terrace was delivered from the No-Quarter deck.

Several diners at a banquet in Paris were poisoned after partaking of some duck. It must have been foul.

Although British trade for May was in a decline, the consumption was much less.

A woman of Sandown, aged 100, has lived under five Sovereigns. She is now a woman of note.

M. Lemoine failed to make a stone to time. If they give him more time, he may find more stones than he cares about.

A writer says: "You will never know what a field of hay is, if you do not smell it with the dew on." Those who have had hay fever would sooner be due off.

A servant having locked him in his study, Mr. Leslie Stuart had to escape through the window, and broke his ankle in two places. The demi-semi-quavers composed *en route* are not recorded.

Burglars succeeded in getting away with a vanload of hams from a Birmingham store. They just saved their bacon.

The Jam's century against Middlesex proves that his batting powers have not gone to pot.

The Shah is determined to make his authority supreme. His motto is "I'll behead."

John D. Rockefeller has written his reminiscences, dealing frankly with the charges which have been brought against him. Oil on troubled waters.

"Suffragists Satisfied," reads a *Morning Leader* heading. Thank heaven!

A County Court debtor recently pleaded that he had just become the father of triplets. Already "stony" he has more "rocks" ahead.

"Have you twiddled the Rhyme-Sticks?" asks the *Express*. We prefer to twiddle our fingers.

The King of Spain is described as "radiant" at the addition to his family. No doubt he is a little sonstruck.

"The free-born female Briton does not 'ake kindly to 'service,'" says the *Sketch*. What about the Marriage Service?

The Old Bailey juror who recently objected to "trying" a woman, must be a singularly perfect specimen of a male if he never has.

The Government has decided to insert a sliding scale in the Old Age Pensions Bill. We hope it won't prove a weigh of sliding-out.

The Kaiser intends to visit Jerusalem in 1910. Meantime he may go to Jericho.

Although 600 tons of spring flowers were despatched from Spalding, the season has been financially disappointing. The growers must cut their losses.

Bermuda has passed an Act prohibiting the use of all motor-cars. This is doubtless to encourage immigration.

"Public-houses are supposed to exist to supply a want," says Sir T. P. Whittaker, M.P. Of course he means *satisfy* a want.

Mr. Lower, a Wandsworth Guardian, has discovered that at one of the institutions of the Metropolitan Asylums Board the officials number forty more than the patients. The staff should be Lowered.

According to Mrs. Malaprop, the diamond-maker, Lemoine, failed when it came to the "crucible" point.

"Man loves that which is above him," according to Victoria Cross All the same, the average man detests "getting up."

During this month the Lord Mayor of London will attend twenty banquets, besides luncheons and garden parties. Rough on Little Mayory.

Perverted Proverbs.

Cut your loaf according to your broth.
All is not gin that bitters.
There's worse fish in the sea than ever came out of it.
Nothing proceeds like process.
Man proposes and woman reposes.
Love is a purblind, and Justice a squinting deity.

The British and Foreign Securities Co.

13, COPTHALL AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

have been favoured with instructions to offer for sale 25,000 Ordinary shares in the

Waldorf Hotel, Aldwych London, E.C.

These shares are of the nominal value of £1 each, and are offered at a premium of 5s. per share, making the total price £1 5s. per fully paid Ordinary share. A full year's dividend will be paid on January 1st, 1909, and the vendors have deposited sufficient British Consols to guarantee for the first year a 10 per cent. dividend upon the shares now offered, if purchased through the British and Foreign Securities Co. The capital of the Waldorf Hotel stands at £580,000, made up of £230,000 Debentures, £200,000 6 per cent. Preference shares, £125,000 Ordinary shares issued, and £25,000 Ordinary shares still unissued.

The prospects of the Hotel are brilliant, if only as judged on the present actual achievements.

In order to profitably conduct an Hotel of this magnitude the business transacted has to amount to £2,500 per week. At this figure a handsome profit can be made sufficient to pay 10 per cent. on the whole of the capital.

Although it has only recently been opened, the Waldorf Hotel is already dealing with business to the extent of from £3,000 to £4,000 per week, so that its profits are even now so good as to very materially enhance the value of the shares. Probably in a very short time the turnover will be practically doubled, and there is no reason to question the possibility of paying a dividend of at least 20 or 30 per cent. per annum.

A novel scheme of insurance has been arranged in connection with the shares now offered. A purchase of £5 worth of Waldorf Hotel shares through the British and Foreign Securities Company carries with it free insurance (without any medical examination) against accidents for £500 and £1 a week, and against sickness for £1 a week. A purchase of the value of £20 through the Company further entitles the investor to a free life insurance, also without any medical examination, for £100. These policies are of the soundest character, and are guaranteed by one of the leading British insurance societies, The Empire Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., whose capital amounts to £500,000. This is a free gift of considerable value, as will be appreciated by those who have had any dealings with insurance societies. Such a life insurance policy as is secured by this investment is alone worth from £2 to £5.

In order that everyone may be able to fully investigate the matter of this investment, it is fully explained, and complete information is furnished regarding it, in a booklet which has been specially prepared, and copies of which can be obtained free on application to the British and Foreign Securities Co., of 13, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

Applications for shares may be made on the annexed form.

WALDORF HOTEL.

To the British and Foreign Securities Co.,
13, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

I (we) request you to allot me (us)..... Ordinary shares of the above Hotel now offered for sale at the price of £1 5s. per share.

I (we) enclose....., being full payment of £1 5s. per share, and I (we) engage to accept the above or any less amount you may allot to me (us).

Signature .....

Name in full .....
(Add whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss, and Title, if any.)

Address in full .....

.....

.....

Date.....1908.

Please write distinctly.
Cheques to be made payable to "Bearer."

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

ESPERANTO AS AN INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE.

One of my recent brilliant works on the language of the Welsh seems to have inspired Sinjoro Harald Clegg, Secretario of the Britisho Esperantisto Associationo, to address me in terms of unqualified admirationo. "Estimata Sinjoro," he says in his letter, "Mi havas la plezuron kutime legi la artikolojn de via via plumo kiuj aperas en John Bull. Kvankam vi estas ciam amuza, mi tamen povas konstati, ke viaj artikoloj estas plena je bonsenco kaj ofte filozofia." Though I am not a professor of the more foreign languages, I think I may venture to say that I well deserve these delightful remarks. No doubt the salient characteristics of all my works of art are humouro, bonsenco, and often filozofia, and it is highly creditable to the Sinjoro's discernmento that he has discovered this by his own unaided efforts. I trusto, therefore, that he will permitomeo to offero himo myo congratulationos.

The Sinjoro Clegg goes on to say that kredante ke vin interesas afero, kiuj celas levi la homaron al pli alta nivelo kaj igas la vivadon pli vivinda—in other words, that as he believes my object is to uplift the human race and make life better worth the living—he kuragas altiro vian atenton al la lingvo in ernacio "Esperanto." Indeed, I never knew a better guesser in my life than the Sinjoro. If I have one object which endears itself to me more than another it is to uplift the human race, if only because it is so appreciative. If my aim in life were that of amassing wealth, I should not try in these sacred pages to uplift the human race. But I seek gratitude and not cash; and it is a proposition almost axiomatic that if you want gratitude you must go the human race to get it. Any statesman or politician will tell you that this is so.

So that the Sinjoro Clegg need not apologise for directing my attention to the international lingo Esperanto. Unlike other lingoes and Topsy's tail, it did not grow, but was manufactured in the intellectual workshop of Dr. L. L. Zamenhof. It is so simple that a child could teach it to his grandmother. You can read it, speak it, and write it in about a week, working at it two hours a day; and by the time you reach Sunday you ought to be able to sing hymns in it and play the piano at the same time. As far as I am aware, this is not possible with any other lingo under the sun. I knew little of Esperanto till I received the epistolo of the Sinjoro, yet I read it with the greatest easo. It is represented by a vocabulary of fewer than 2,000 root words; and when you have committed this little lot to memory, and have learned how to hook on the o's and the j's at the beginning or the end of 'em, you are competent to go through France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Japan, Aberdeen, or Seven Dials and order anything you please, from a cab to a plate of meat or half-a-pint of half-and-half.

Now it is obvious to anyone that this is not only a great intellectual accomplishment, but also tends, as Sinjoro Clegg eloquently says, to levi la homaron al pli alta nivelo. The human race, in fact, has been yearning for a lingo of this kind ever since I knew it. If you should go to Paris or Berlin, for instance, knowing nothing of French or German, and should chance to meet nobody who knew anything of English, you would probably not get the right change on tendering your quid pro quo. A week or two ago, at the Franco-British Exhibition, I entered a popular café to partake of food. In the course of half-an-hour my food arrived, a rapid consummation for the White City. At my table was seated a silent gentleman who, as I learned afterwards, had got there half-an-hour before I did. On my arrival he had apparently progressed as far as pudding. For twenty minutes he waited for the next course, dumb as a cat; then the waitress started him on—fish. Naturally, I marvelled. He toyed with the fish, gazed up sorrowfully at the ceiling, and presently turned appealing eyes to the retreating waitress. Trying him with my best Parisian French, I gathered that about an hour before he had ordered soup, and the waitress brought him pudding. Assuming that this was the right end to dine in this country, he had swallowed the pudding, and had then repeated his demand for soup, whereat the waitress brought him fish.

Now if he and that waitress had been able to parlay la lingvo internacia Esperanto, he would have remarked, "Missojo, bringo meo summa soupo," or something of that sorto, and all would have been well. As it was, she did not speak a syllable of French, and he didn't know a word of English, hence that tragedy. But here is the main difficulty about Esperanto at the time of going to press. When you have learned this noble language, you naturally set off for your long-postponed tour round the world, and wherever you go after leaving England you are kept on the hunt for a man who speaks Esperanto. You try it at the Customs House, and you try it at the railway station, you fire it at a jehu, throw it at a policeman, and use it to convince a waiter, only to find that the Customs officer makes you pull out everything in your portmanteau, that the guard puts you in the wrong train, that the jehu charges you too much, that the policeman sends you up the wrong street, and that the waiter brings you the wrong drink and food.

Electricity versus Medicine.

AN INTERESTING DISCUSSION OF AN INTERESTING SUBJECT.

This subject is one that is occupying a prominent place in the experiments of all progressive medical men. The success attained with electricity has even astonished some of its strongest advocates. Dr. Poore, writing upon the subject of electricity, in one of his well-known works, says:—"No other single therapeutical agent is so generally useful or admits of so many and such varied applications—for some of which it stands alone and supreme." That opinion is shared by all those who have made a close study of the subject. The wonderful success of electricity in cases where drugs have utterly failed has forced belief in the efficacy of the latter almost to the vanishing point.

That electricity is a powerful curative agent is a fact too well known to require further illustrative proofs. It is a positive cure for all Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Nervousness, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Kidney, Liver, Bladder, and Bowel complaints, and all forms of weakness.

How many men and women are going through life mere pigmies of what they should be? They lack interest in everything—enjoy nothing. And why? Because they are weak, which means they lack electricity. Such persons can be made strong and robust, perfect specimens of health and vigour. The means is easy and simple—an electric current flowing into their nerve centres while they rest, and there is soon a transformation.

At the recent International Exhibition held in London, the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery was awarded the Diploma with Grand Prix and Gold Medal. The Award was given through the medical section of the Exhibition, and specially praises the system of applying the current as well as the battery. This is the highest honour ever gained by an electric treatment.

An interesting book of eighty pages has recently been published. It is free to anyone who writes for it. It will point out the way whereby the blessings of perfect health can be enjoyed. A postcard or a letter to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring it at once in a plain sealed envelope. All advice is free. This new method has been awarded the *Science Siftings* Certificate of Merit.—[ADVT.]

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Either of the above Risks covered separately, or Combined Policies are issued.

AGENTS WANTED.

Men with good records given Liberal Terms.

£5 and £3 (Weekly Premium) Debits have been built up in 6 to 9 months. New districts are being opened and Assistant Superintendents and District Superintendents are frequently wanted. Promotion is rapid with good and capable men. The Policies are attractive and offer most unique and liberal benefits to the public. The Industrial Premiums vary from One Penny to One Pound per week, and in the Ordinary Branch the Premiums are below the annual rates of many other offices. The present is an opportune time for securing an Appointment.

For Particulars apply at:

19, 20 & 21, FARRINGDON ST., (Ludgate Circus) LONDON, E.C.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDS, Managing Director.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

MR. BOTTOMLEY AND THE BUDGET.—The Publisher will be pleased to forward to any reader sending a penny stamp to cover postage a copy of Mr. Bottomley's speech upon the Budget.

OWING to the large demand, we have prepared another large batch of postcards, and the Publisher will be pleased to forward a supply to readers upon receipt of stamped envelopes for postage.

"BULLITE" (Edinburgh), and others, complain that "Larry Lynx" in his Racing Notes did not tip "John Bull" for the Gatwick Handicap. The explanation is that, as his article is written so long in advance, he was unable to obtain the necessary inspiration in time. He has endeavoured to atone for it this week—and we can only hope the result will be satisfactory. As a rule, however, in such circumstances, things usually go wrong.

R. H. S. (Brussels).—Your manuscript does not seem to have reached us.

"HATTON."—It seems to us fishy.

R. C. C (West Hampstead) informs us of more cases of boys and girls being charged with stealing collections of postage stamps. We shall have to bring in a Bill to prohibit philately.

T. T. (Bromley).—"Infant in arms" would, of course, have been the better phrase.

J. R. L. (Pyle).—We have already investigated the business methods of Messrs. Hapgood and found them to be straightforward. We have received from some anonymous source the newspaper reports of the American Enquiry to which you refer, but were unable to find anything in them definite enough to cause us to modify our opinion.

J. R. (East Cowes).—We cannot retry cases on the strength of newspaper reports. Even if we could, the report you send alludes to the man as an old offender.

F. K. D. (Highgate).—Thanks for information about swindlers and also for telling us that Thursday is the happiest day in your week. Good health to you.

A. C. (Belfast).—We possess a certain stock of credulity, but it is being taxed somewhat severely by people who tell us in a breath that they are constant readers of JOHN BULL and still in need of advice about the London Premium and Tea Co. For the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, we do not think it genuine and we do not advise you "to send the 4s. 6d. which they ask for." Now do you know?

J. S. G. (Edinburgh) is very angry with somebody who denounced the methods of the Congo State. We were not aware that there were two sides to the question.

F. H. (Leicester) writes in favour of municipal trading and brings forward the strange argument that as "people do not declaim against the carrying out by public authorities of such unremunerative works as scavenging, drainage or road-making," there ought to be no objection "to the same body engaging in enterprises from which there is some likelihood of financial profit accruing." The answer is that in the latter case a municipality is gambling with the ratepayers' money and competing unfairly with private traders, who are already heavily handicapped by having to pay rates. If our correspondent had his way, those rates would soon absorb all possible profits, and private traders would have to shut up shop.

U. H. (Liverpool).—It must have been quite amusing to see the police trying to force the sketch artist into the dock. We hope he appreciated the jest. Perhaps it was the right place for him after all.

F. H. (Myddleton).—We know nothing about the "advertising experts." But would advise you to advertise in JOHN BULL.

T. H. R. B. (Flincher).—We should give the *Boot and Shoe Trades Journal* the order of the boot.

A. P. (South Something).—Yuss.

H. C. (Withington) sends us an advertisement of "four black retriever pups, one dog and four bitches," and says "If you see it in the *Manchester Chronicle* it is so-so."

A. W. (London).—That terrible printer!

W. S. C. (Brockley).—As we have so frequently observed, we are not medical experts, and are sorry, therefore, we cannot be of assistance to you.

C. H. H. (Johannesburg).—You pay your penny, and you take your choice.

D. McG. (Glasgow).—You should order a copy of the Bill through your local bookseller from Wyman and Sons, Ltd.

"FAIR PLAY" (Manchester) is a Frenchman who writes to defend his national pastime of playing at duels, but as he has forgotten to send us his name and full address, we do not care to embark upon polemics with him.

A. M. F. (Queen's Gate).—You seem to have been very badly treated, but as you have marked your letter "private and confidential" we suppose we are not at liberty to mention the name of the firm which swindled you.

"METHERIN" (Bangor) writes to us about everything on earth and a few more topics as well. Perhaps some day we shall issue a special supplement to answer him. Meanwhile we will content ourselves with answering his final question in the negative. We do *not* think he "could make any spare cash by writing articles, etc."

H. R. H. (Walsall).—A very interesting cutting from *The Sign*.

T. F. J.—We were already acquainted with the *Prohibitionist*—but we do not go to the niggers for our political inspiration. Nowhere has prohibition been a success with white men.

"WHAT THINK YOU?" (Brixton).—Thanks for cutting. The Rev. A. J. Waldron is a good chap—for a parson.

G. C. (Fulham).—No biscuit for Nuttall's Dictionary. It is true that it defines *homologue* as "something *homologous*," but the previous line gives the meaning of *homologous*. All the dictionaries we have seen treat derivative words in this way—it would be both tedious and space-wasting to give full definitions in such cases.

J. W. S. (London).—There is much to be said on both sides of the Chemists' question.

"CURIOUS" (Nelson).—(a) We know nothing of E. Edwards, 61, Lord Street, Liverpool, who, you say, has sent you a very personal letter, offering to advance small loans. (b) Our Editor stood as a Liberal, reserving to himself a large measure of independence.

SOUND FINANCIAL METHODS.

THE TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICES. VICTORY OF REFORM.

There are few studies that afford greater pleasure or give greater satisfaction to the studiously inclined nature than a careful examination of the rise and fall of ancient nations, or the gradual decay of old traditions and the absorption or extinction of old institutions. The student, if he so desires, can trace how from these past great traditions a new code of ideas has gradually evolved, while from the structures of old historic houses new enterprises more fitted to deal with the altered conditions of time have been brought into being.

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W. J. P. (Hornsey).—An employer has a perfect right to forbid private correspondence coming to his employés at his place of business, and to direct that any such letters be returned through the Dead Letter Office. As to whether he has a right to open them, he would probably shield himself by the contention that he had reason to think they referred to his business affairs.

J. W. (Streatham Hill).—We seem to remember having read of a motor-car being advertised under the heading of musical instruments. The next thing will be to advertise one as a perfume.

O. J. S. O. (Merthyr Tydfil).—Thanks for the card of the Moo Club. Are we debas'd from joining?

G. H. H. (Pendleton).—Thanks for your compliment about our biscuits and your addition to the store. It was certainly silly of the *Manchester Courier* to say that the King and Queen, returning to London, "crossed from Dover to Calais."

"FENSON" (Reading) asks our opinion of four scholarships offered by the Kensington College at the recent "What to Do with Our Girls" Exhibition. Mr. Munford, the director of the college, bears a very high reputation, and "Fenson" need, therefore, have no apprehension in regard to the matter.

"A HEADMASTER."—Your suggestion about the Education Bill sounds all right, but our readers are growing tired of the subject.

"BADO."—If you had read us more carefully you would not have wasted a whole day running after the Great Pan-Asiatic Co. It is certainly strange that the police should be content with replying that they "have so many complaints." All the more reason why they should take action.

W. H. (Richmond) sends us a copy of the *Timber News*, containing particulars of the alleged sweating of joiners by the Salvation Army; but the subject is an old one.

"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE" (Lancashire).—If your creed induces "firmness of the nerves," it certainly deserves to be encouraged.

E. H. T. (Pimlico) wishes to know the exact dates of the birth and death of the late lamented *Tribune*.

J. C. S. (Leagrave) wishes to secure some good agencies for English firms in Italy. We are afraid we cannot help him in the matter.

E. M. (Boro') thinks "the only way of solving the unemployed question would be for people to keep their children till they attained the age of twenty-one, and when they got to that age let them work, say, one hour a day, and as their age increases let them work gradually more. In that case," he adds, "people would be better paid and would be able to keep their family, and people would be more educated." Fancy our having lived all these years and never having thought of that!

F. S. K. (Ventnor).—And the phonograph is also very likely a useless toy.

L. W. B. (Twickenham).—We are always glad to receive compliments from people who do not see eye to eye with us in political matters. In reply to a question as to the likelihood of our entering the Cabinet, we beg to state that we never have sought office, but that we shall never shrink from any task, however arduous, if it is likely to enable us to benefit our fellow creatures, and the salary is all right.

E. M. (Euston Road).—If *Answers* guaranteed to give away £50, and then gave away £60, what have you to grumble about?

"DRAB" (Dublin) sends us cuttings from the *Umpire* and the *Daily Mirror*, giving reproductions of what seems to be the same photograph. One is described as the Rev. F. W. Sparkes, the other as Dr. F. Sidney Gramshaw. We scarcely think with "Drab" that the two gentlemen can have been doubles. But the printers may have been seeing double.

"CELT" (Manchester).—We are interested, but we are not sure that our readers would be equally so.

R. M. W. (no name and no address) wants a biscuit for the *Daily News* for the following paragraph:—"By means of a monster sluice a mere 150 acres in extent at Aldborough is being drained into the sea." R. M. W. thinks it ridiculous to talk of "a mere 150 acres." But that was not the kind of mere the writer meant. R. M. W. must eat his own biscuit.

E. P. (Chatham) wants us to attack "this Mormon serpent in our midst," and would like to know if we can tell her "of any church or minister who could be interested in the morals of our young folk." This is evidently a case for Jim Crow, and we have forwarded her letter.

"UNFLINCHED" (Aston).—Quite right not to notice swindlers until they swindle you. What other answer did you expect?

G. H. D. (Dublin) sends us a circular from the Imperial Supply Co. (42, Junction Road, London, N.). As they wanted 6s. 11d. for one of their free gifts, he concludes that the price of brass is rising.

J. A. E. (King's Cliff) wants a biscuit for a paper which wrote about a cricket ball having been driven "say, half a mile." It has evidently not occurred to him that this may have been intended for an exaggeration.

G. A. S. (Gateshead-on-Tyne) wants to know whether there is a stamp affixer in the market. If he means an instrument for automatically placing adhesive postage stamps upon letters, the answer is: Yes, several.

H. B. (York).—We certainly never heard of "a hand-sewn man," but there are some people who might advantageously be treated in some such way.

"FOGHORN" (Bury) sends us a report of a foot-race "won by three years." We hope the stop watch was accurate.

"GOLD WATCH" (Crewe).—The National Manufacturing Co. (42, Gray's Inn Road, E.C.) sounds like one of the old gang.

E. W. G. (Southampton).—We drink yours. Of course, we never dreamed of sneering at soldiers. We thought you would agree with us about Baden-Powell and his boy scouts, who, as you say, would only be a nuisance.

"AGRICOLA" (Essex) wants a biscuit for a poetess who wrote about "pastures thick with waving corn." But he does not send us a copy of the verses.

W. P. (Cardiff) wants a copy of the London and Premium Tea Co.'s circular, which he appears to regard as a precious novelty.

J. K. (Co. Down) wants us to have separate drawings of numbers for England, Scotland and Ireland. We will gladly pigeon-hole the suggestion but would the Unionists be pleased? And how should we differentiate an Irish copy from a Scottish one?

C. W. A. (South Bermondsey) wants to get back a photograph which his wife entrusted to a representative of the New British Art Co. (84, High Holborn, W.C.). We wish he may get it.

W. G. H. (East Ham).—Glad to hear you are yet alive. That old *John Bull* you inquire about was not a patch on ours. If we come across a copy we will try to remember to send you one.

F. C. (Duncon).—Thanks for the pretty picture of the Jim Crow Rock, at Kirn. It is indeed a speaking likeness, particularly about the tail.

J. W. N. (Millhouses) says he reads our paper regularly, but he does not quite substantiate his assertion by inquiring about the Great Pan-Asiatic Co.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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THE POST OFFICE AND FOREIGN REGISTERED LETTERS.

Referring to the paragraph in last week's issue as to the way in which the Post Office authorities interpret their duty in the matter of registered letters, a Birmingham correspondent writes to us a below :—

Respecting your paragraph in to-day's JOHN BULL relating to the registered letter which failed to reach Jim Crow, kindly convey my sincerest condolences to him, as I have had a somewhat similar experience with the Post Office authorities, and can speak feelingly.

On April 30th I sent four £5 notes, together with two cheques and two postal orders, in an envelope enclosed in an outer registered postal envelope, as sold by the Post Office, to a London bank.

The letter duly arrived, but the Bank officials stated there were only two notes, together with the cheques and postal orders and there was no inner envelope.

Notice was at once given to the Post Office and to the Bank of England *re* the two missing notes, but although I repeatedly wrote to the Post Office it was not until the 22nd ult. that they informed me as follows :—

"Careful inquiry has been made and nothing has been elicited to afford ground for supposing the letter to have been tampered with by any officer of the department, or the loss to have occurred in the post. The case is not one, therefore, in which any claim for compensation can be entertained."

Such is the value of registration ; evidently according to their argument I am a liar or something worse, or else the Bank official is likewise.

In conclusion I might mention that one of the notes was received at Gatti's Restaurant, and the other at the Gaiety Theatre, both of the Strand, so some gay spark has evidently had a jolly time at my expense.

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RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People*," and "*Magpie*" of "*The Globe*.")

An Englishman's Right.

Can it be true that there is considerable organised bookmaking even on the golf championship.

Lingfield Park.

The numerous patrons of "Lovely Lingfield" will hear with satisfaction that for the meeting to be held on Friday and Saturday, the L.B. and S.C.R. have arranged a much improved service of trains. Six of the specials will be "non-stop" expresses, viz., three from Victoria and three from London Bridge, and these are all timed to run the journey in from forty to fifty minutes. This will make the journey quite as quick as the best trains usually take in reaching the suburban meetings from the metropolis, though the distance is more than double. It seems from this that the railway company are alive to the fact that if they want traffic they must cater properly for it, and it is to be hoped that they will now soon give Lingfield Park the better station accommodation which they have promised.

Remarkable Figures.

At Lingfield during the last four years alone no fewer than 3,448 horses have been sent to compete in flat races and in races under N.H. Rules ; with them must have travelled at least 3,000 lads and other attendants. Then again in addition, there are engaged at Lingfield a staff of police and other officials, numbering over 150, who travel daily per rail to and from the meetings. If these matters are fairly looked at, it seems that Lingfield is entitled to the best treatment at the hands of the railway company, for the executive have never ceased to do all in their power to make the meetings attractive and popular.

Prophetic.

I need only now deal with the rippingly good Lingfield programme where, if one can add winners to the inseparable pleasure, it will accentuate one's liking for the place, for none of us are other than human, and naturally prefer to "come home a winner."

In Friday's Oaktree Handicap it is obvious that PENDULE has a chance, while in the poorer company I certainly think MIMOSA should take the Summer Handicap. Another who invariably runs well on this course is the pretty little filly, LADY ABIGAIL, who is in the Jack's Bridge Handicap. The "good things" of the meeting, however, are obviously,

POM

for the Lingfield Park Stakes, and

SUNFLOWER II.

in Saturday's Great Foal Plate, for this is a useful colt, who gets all the allowances, and ran well at Ascot in the top company. I am almost inclined to call Saturday the "Nelke" day, for LAVOLTA has a chance of being first instead of second, as usual, in the Selling Handicap, and whatever can beat DUTCH must win the Welter.

At Haydock Park recent running would suggest a victory for HANOVER SQUARE (who has Lady Forfar to beat) for the Great Central Handicap, and the next day MIMOSA might be saved with advantage for Lingfield for the Old Newton Cup.

Several correspondents write complaining that I did not tip John Bull, but they must remember that my notes were written several days before the race—also that John Bull had not appeared in public since last August. However, if they follow all the Alfriston horses at Lingfield on Friday and Saturday, I hope and believe they will do themselves a bit of good.

THE ORKNEY FISHERY DISPUTE.

We notice from the Scotch, Orkney and Shetland papers that petitions against the Mussel Fishery Order (Confirmation) Bill are being sent to Parliament from the towns and bordering parishes of the fishery, signed not only by the great majority of the fishermen, but by other people interested. The reading of the Bill itself has been postponed four times. Surely the Secretary of State for Scotland, in whose charge it is, must see by this time that a mistake has been made, and that Mr. J. Cathcart Wason has been misled in the matter. Under these circumstances it would be better to withdraw the Bill, and we hope soon to hear that this has been done. The people interested in the fishery, proprietors, farmers, crofters and fishermen, are prepared to develop it immediately on a much larger scale than Mr. Wason's Syndicate could possibly do.

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